



# INVESTMENTS.

The most complete information in regard to investments in Stocks and Bonds is published in the **COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL CHRONICLE** and its **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT**.

## GREAT OPPORTUNITIES.

Most remarkable opportunities for safe and profitable investments in railroad securities have occurred at different periods, and the best way to take advantage of such opportunities is to know thoroughly the history of the several railroads, and their financial condition at the time of purchase.

## SPECULATION.

The information furnished by the **CHRONICLE** and **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT** is intended to give to permanent investors all the facts that may be obtained about railroads and other companies, thoroughly classified in the best shape for use. Nothing is done for speculation alone, as the success of speculative transactions depends upon the future course of the markets within certain limited periods of time; but correct information about stocks and bonds enables buyers to purchase at low prices to realize the profit of an advance.

The **CHRONICLE** is published weekly at \$10.20 per year, including postage, and the **INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT**, a large pamphlet of 128 pages issued every other month, is furnished without extra charge to all subscribers of the **CHRONICLE**.

**WILLIAM B. DANA & CO.,**

PUBLISHERS,

102 William Street,

New York.

## American Journal of Science.

Established by Prof. Benjamin Silliman in 1818 and now entering its 70th year.

Issued in monthly numbers, forming two volumes annually of four hundred and eighty pages each.

Subscription price six dollars per year, postage prepaid; \$6.40 to foreign subscribers in countries in the Postal Union.

The editors commend the Journal to all interested in American scientific investigation and in the progress of science at home and abroad.

Address

James D. and E. S. Dana,

New Haven, Conn.


## "THE SANITARIAN"

Is THE BEST Sanitary publication in America" (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications" (*Medical World*); and "Has accomplished more good than all of the other Sanitary papers put together" (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*). "The Editor, Dr. A. N. BELL, is well known to the mercantile community for his co-operation with the merchants in quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in Sanitary Science" (*New York Journal of Commerce*).

**96 Pages TEXT Monthly;**

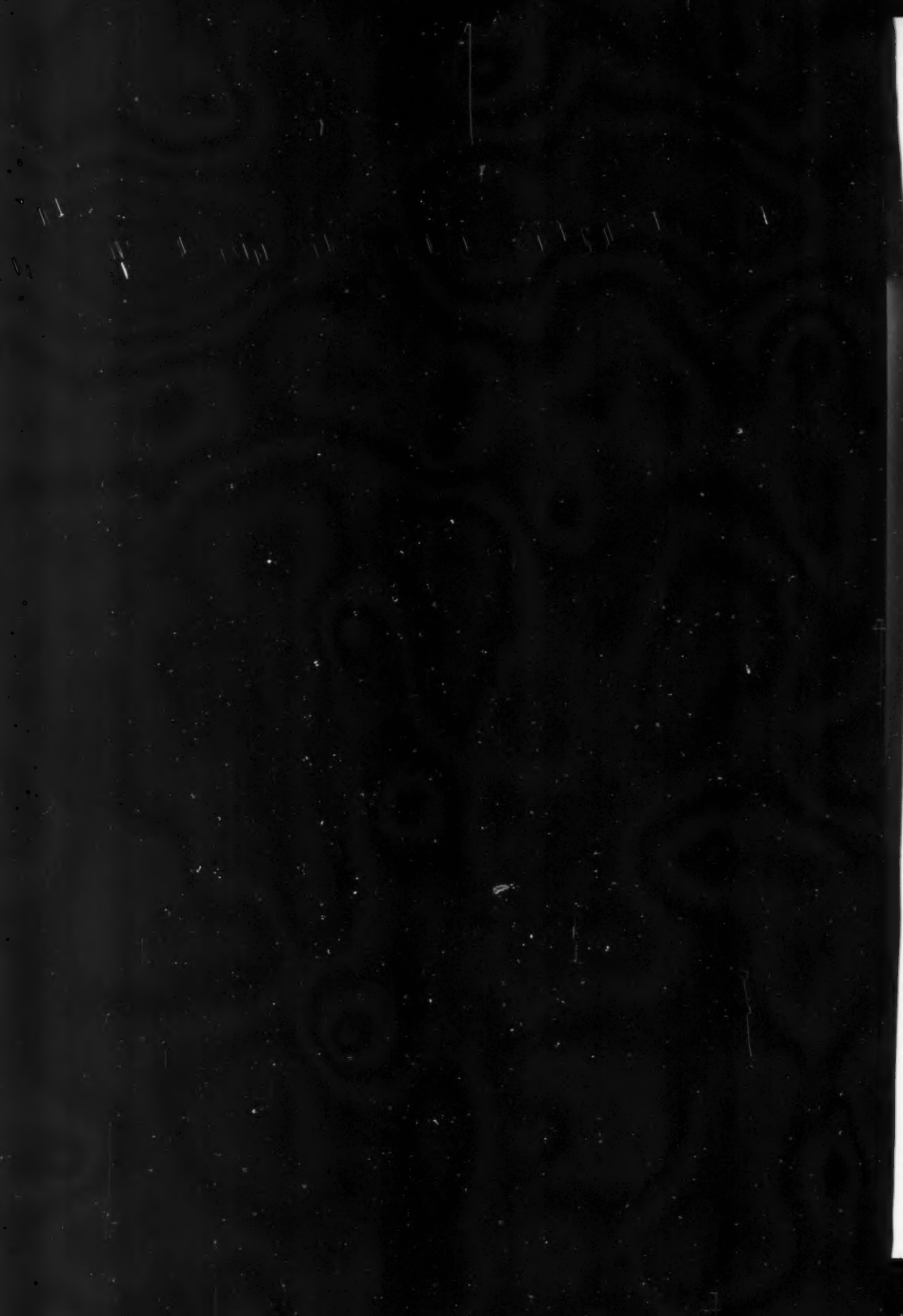
**TWO Volumes Yearly.**

\$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a Number. Sample copies, 20 cents (ten two-cent postage stamps).

 All communications should be addressed to the Editor,

**NEW YORK, P. O. B. 2156.**







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume **LX**.

No. 2270.—December 31, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. **CLXXV**.

## CONTENTS.

I. HANNAH MORE, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	771
II. GREY FUR, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	785
III. MRS. CRAIK. By Mrs. Oliphant, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	796
IV. DORIS, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	799
V. HEINE'S VISIT TO LONDON, . . . . .	<i>National Review,</i> . . . . .	807
VI. JUANA ALVAREZ, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	811
VII. FLAMINGOES AT HOME, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	819
VIII. ELEPHANTS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	822

\*.\* Title and Index to Volume CLXXV.

## POETRY.

RONDEAU, . . . . .	770	UNCERTAINTIES, . . . . .	770
EDWARD THRING, . . . . .	770	DESIDERIUM, . . . . .	770
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			822

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.**

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
HANNAH MORE.

LEICESTER SQUARE in the year seven-  
teen hundred and seventy-four, and Leices-  
ter Square during this Jubilee year of our  
gracious lady Queen Victoria's reign, are,  
it need scarcely be said, two very distinct  
and different places.

The Leicester Square of to-day can  
hardly, even at a pinch, be termed an aris-  
tocratic resort or coveted place of abode.  
It has fallen somewhat low in its fortunes,  
is shady in its associations, and is apt to  
be looked askance upon by the prosperous  
and fortunate.

But the little square, a hundred years  
ago, was a pleasant spot, and a modish  
part of the town; held up its head with the  
best, and feared neither the light of the  
sun nor of the moon. It was not only a  
locality where fortune and fashion might  
not fear to meet, it was more,—it was  
absolutely a nucleus to attract beauty,  
youth, and rank, where the finest ladies  
and gentlemen of the period were fain to  
jostle and overrun each other, and in  
whose direction gallants braided and per-  
fumed, and fair ones powdered and  
patched, might have been seen strutting  
and rustling and simpering, morning, noon,  
and night.

For these and such as these, however, it  
must be owned that all the attractions of  
the place were confined to one red-brick  
mansion, in and out of which they tripped  
unceasingly, eager not only to display  
their charms within, but to have them  
there reproduced, ready to be handed  
down to admiring and envious posterity;  
and it was in front of the portals of this  
modest dwelling, with its quaintly formal  
rows of small-paned windows, and its  
broad, arched doorway, that there stood  
in the year above mentioned a youthful,  
palpitating figure, simply but elegantly  
clad, whose glowing cheek, restless move-  
ments, and eager demand for admittance,  
betrayed her to be on the very tiptoe of  
excitement and anticipation.

It was not, however, to take her place  
in front of the easel that the little maiden  
had come to visit the great portrait-  
painter. Another and a widely different  
aspiration filled her soul; and so porten-

tous did its near realization appear that  
her tremulous fingers could scarce evoke  
a response from the massive knocker over-  
head, any more than could her quavering  
accents from the sober serving-man with-  
in; while once she was admitted to the  
panelled hall, and was being escorted up  
the oaken stair, the moment seemed to the  
eyes of fancy and enthusiasm invested  
with a halo lifting it above the realms of  
reality.

Do not smile at her—it *was* a great  
moment. Awaiting his visitor, there stood  
one of the most gifted men of the age;  
and within a chamber hard by, a still more  
widely famous potentate remained, to  
whom the little rustic was presently con-  
ducted, and — could she believe her ears?  
— presented in terms to make any vain  
young head ring again. There, in short,  
Sir Joshua Reynolds laid the foundation  
stone of a friendship between Hannah  
More and Samuel Johnson.

There are few but will sympathize with  
the emotions of the youthful Hannah on  
the occasion. Reared in obscurity, but  
all aglow with genius, and panting for dis-  
tinction in the world of thought and let-  
ters, what must not such an interview and  
such a welcome have seemed to portend?  
Hitherto it had been the highest ambition  
of her heart to behold, and, if befriended  
by fate, to hearken to these two world-  
known celebrities from some safe and  
secure hiding-place in the dim back-  
ground; and for this she had, she owned,  
entertained some sort of shadowy hope on  
arriving within the charmed circle of the  
metropolis some ten days previously, —  
but little had she then dreamed of being  
so greeted face to face, and, instead of  
being permitted simply to worship from  
afar, of finding herself the object of their  
paternal admiration and regard.

Johnson, the uncertain, autocratic, and  
at times morose and forbidding lion of the  
age, met his ardent young disciple not  
only with benignity, but with something  
like a burst of genuine tenderness. He  
was, we are told, in one of his best moods;  
good-humor glistened in his countenance;  
with one hand he stroked the feathers of  
a pet bird, a macaw of Sir Joshua's, which  
perched upon the other; and, with unex-

amplified gallantry, he paid Sir Joshua's guest the unexpected and from him very real compliment of accosting her with one of her own verses. Could any courtly beau of the period have behaved more prettily?

Nor was the interview long in being followed up by another, little less pregnant and interesting. The very next day a call at Johnson's own house is thus recorded by Hannah's soberer but scarce less enthusiastic elder sister, who on that occasion accompanied her.

Can you picture to yourself [wrote she to the home circle whom the two had left behind, on this their first rapturous flight into the great world] — can you picture to yourself the beating of our hearts? Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary's Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Miss Reynolds, who went with us, told him of our exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said she was "a silly thing." When our visit was over, he called for his hat (as it rained) to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas himself could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*.

The great man had not been in the parlor when the ladies had been shown in, upon seeing which, Miss Hannah, in spirits to be mischievous, had seated herself in the huge armchair by the fireplace, hoping, she had averred, to catch therefrom some ray of his genius. The flattery had been served up hot by her companions, on which the doctor had laughed heartily, and informed her it was a chair on which he never sat!

Johnson afterwards spoke in such a fashion of the youthful aspirant, as procured her an immediate entry into that society where his word was law; and once launched, we can well believe she needed no supporting arms.

Hannah More was still a young woman, and also remarkably young for her years, when we thus behold her on the threshold of her fame. Let us take a brief retrospective glance over her preceding life during childhood and girlhood.

Respectable as was her parentage, it by no means entitled her to any position in society — at any rate, in the society she courted. Her father had indeed received

a learned education, with a view to his taking holy orders, but his early expectations had been defeated by the failure of a lawsuit, and he had been fain to accept the mastership of a foundation school in Gloucestershire, where he had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, a young woman of plain education, but endowed like himself with a vigorous intellect, who appears to have bestowed much care and pains on the culture and regulation of her numerous children. This inestimable advantage was by one, at least, to be turned to speedy and lasting account.

Hannah, the fourth out of five daughters, was born in 1745, and early began to show dawnings of that bright genius which was afterwards to distinguish her. Between the ages of three and four the little girl contrived to teach herself to read, or at least to advance so far on this path to Parnassus as completely to amaze her parents, who were just beginning to contemplate the idea of the alphabet; and this she achieved solely by listening to the instructions imparted to her elders. Before she was four, her repetition of the catechism struck mute the respected clergyman of the parish, to whom it seemed but the day before that he had received her at the font. And so on.

Next began the restless craving for knowledge inseparable from such a nature. To satisfy this, the father, albeit a foe to female pedantry, was fain, from dearth of other sources, to ransack his own memory and brain for tales of ancient heroes, Greek and Roman, and would recite to his small auditor — whom we can picture listening with sage and severe attention — their speeches and orations; first, we are told, in the original, to gratify her ear with the sound, and afterwards in English, that she might pay heed to the sense. Further, he would, after this fashion, dwell upon the parallels and wise sayings of Plutarch; and these recollections, says her biographer, "made Hannah often afterwards remark that the conversation of a wise parent constitutes one of the very best parts of education."

Jacob More had, however, as we have said, no love for over-much learning in a woman; and, in fact, the progress made

by his precocious little one in Latin and mathematics, in which directions his desultory teaching presently ran, not only disconcerted, it actually frightened him. Mathematics were stopped at once, and Latin ere very long, but even the rudiments so obtained of each proved subsequently of such value to the brilliant conversationalist and correspondent, that she frequently affirmed nothing she had ever acquired had stood her in like stead.

Her next tuition came from the lips of her eldest sister, an earnest, painstaking, and talented young woman, who was, by diligent study and application at a French school in Bristol, qualifying herself to open a similar establishment on her own account presently, and who, on her weekly return home, took upon herself to impart to Hannah what she had gained during the six previous days — with such success, moreover, that some French officers on *parole* in the neighborhood, and much sought after there by reason of their cultivated minds and polished manners, invariably solicited Mr. More's little daughter to be their interpreter when possible, — the little lady possessing, even at that time, considerable command of the language, of which she was afterwards to have such "free and elegant use."

There appears to have been nothing worthy of record about the More family as a family, and but little is said about them in the voluminous biography of the one who alone played a prominent part before the world. Even from infancy it would seem to have been recognized that she was above and apart from the rest, and from first to last they plainly united in an affectionate and tributary homage, not altogether inexplicable.

Writing was not in those days the universal resource it has since become, and the mere fact that a child of eight was laying her hands upon every odd bit and scrap of paper she could find, in order to scribble thereon the products of her own busy little brain, would be sufficient to mark her out; and we cannot wonder at the mother's indulging her desire for one whole quire, as the greatest treasure her imagination could frame. But how curious was the use to which the quire was

put! Even at that age the foreshadowings of the moral and didactic Hannah More — the Hannah More of sixty or seventy, not of an earlier and livelier period, be it noted — betrayed themselves in the breathings of little miss in her pinafores. She covered the whole, we are told, with letters seeking to reform depraved characters, and with return epistles full of contrition and promises of amendment. Good little girl! How delightful it must have been to pen those eloquent persuasions and fluent responses! We wonder how soon she learned, as she must have learned in years to come, that it takes more than a letter to reform a life.

In justice to the youthful moralist, however, we must record that the satisfaction thus obtained was for herself alone, and that her affecting counsels and instructions were — sad descent! — committed to a housemaid's closet, to be hidden among dust-pans and brushes; and though we cannot but think they had as well been left there, we must sympathize with the affectionate zeal of her younger sister and bedfellow, who, in the secret, stole down at night to rescue, and commit the precious documents to safer keeping.

It was some time ere any of Hannah's effusions were submitted to other inspection than that of this very young and very easily pleased critic, but that the next performance was really fraught with promise is testified by its effect upon one neither too ready to praise nor to flatter. Sheridan had come to lecture in Bristol, and his subject was eloquence. So eloquent was the speaker, and so inspiring the theme, that his words set on fire enthusiastic sixteen, and drew from one auditor of that tender age a copy of verses which were then and there presented to him, and led, not only to his seeking the acquaintance of their author, but to his subsequently pronouncing himself honored by having formed it.

That Hannah possessed, even at this early date, uncommon powers of fascination and conversation, is apparent from an anecdote of a certain Dr. Woodward, a physician of eminence, who, having been called in to attend her during a somewhat serious illness, one day entirely forgot the



purport of his visit while talking with and interrogating his charming patient, until, suddenly recollecting himself when half-way down-stairs, he cried out "Bless me! I quite forgot to ask the girl how she was!" and hurrying back to the room, exclaimed, "How are you to-day, my poor child?"

In her seventeenth year Hannah More first made a real venture into the realms of literature in a pastoral drama entitled "The Search after Happiness," and we can form a tolerably accurate guess as to what such a production would be like. We can almost hear its lofty tones and long-winded paragraphs; but it is probably due to the discretion of her biographer that the only information we obtain about this early effort resolves itself into "the attempt succeeded as it deserved." Nor shall we be so cruel as to inflict upon our readers criticisms upon and quotations from any of Hannah More's works. We will endeavor briefly to recall the extraordinary impression they produced at the time, and leave it to those who will, and to those who *can*, to study them, if so minded, for themselves.

We frankly own that this is a task beyond our powers. They are so hopelessly fine, so grandiloquent, so entirely to the taste of the age she lived in as opposed to our own, that we doubt whether any reading and thinking man or woman of to-day will be persuaded to undertake their perusal, even though enlightened for the first time as to the number of editions through which they passed, and the hosts of intellectual admirers they obtained. For another thing, they are hardly to be got. People have them, it is true, but only by inheritance. They are to be found on the topmost shelves of dust-bound libraries, in the back-shops of old collectors, and in "job lots" at auctions. Practically they are defunct, lifeless. Even the famous "Percy," which, when played by Garrick and Mrs. Barry, took the town by storm, — who plays it now? Who quotes "Sir Eldred"? Who gets lost in "Cœlebs"?

Hannah More will be Hannah More to the end of time; but how she came to be one of the chief women of her day, and that a very great day — great in its product of philosophers, poets, painters, and musicians — can only be understood by reference to the life she lived, the friends who sought her, the great who courted her, and the power she wielded over the world of thought at large.

A new generation which knows her not has sprung up, — one whose sole idea in

connection with her name is that she was a prim maiden lady of the conventional type, with a pious and literary turn of mind. Such a record as the following, for instance, sounds strangely in their ears: —

I dined at the Adelphi yesterday. Garrick was the very soul of the company, and I never saw Johnson in more perfect good-humor. After all had risen to go, we stood round them for above an hour, laughing in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield. I believe we should never have thought of sitting down, nor of parting, had not an impertinent watchman been saucily vociferous. Johnson outstaid them all, and sat with me half an hour.

Next from her sister's pen: —

On Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favorite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits, and it was certainly her lucky night: I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was as jocular as the young one was pleasant. You would have imagined we were at some comedy had you heard our peals of laughter. They certainly tried which could "pepper the highest," and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner.

It will be gathered that this little scene took place some time after that with which our sketch opens. By this date the great doctor had had time to become closely familiar with his "little fool," his "little love," and his "child" — and there had also been time for her and her sister to tell him without reservation all about their birth, parentage, and education; "showing how they had been born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years had increased their appetites, the cupboard at home had grown too small; how they had found a great house with nothing in it, and how it had been likely to remain so, till, looking into their knowledge-boxes, they had happened to find a little *learning* there, by giving out which they had got some share of gold in return," — all of which garrulity and volubility would appear to have enchanted the rough but honest man of letters.

"I love you both," cried he. "I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening. I am glad I came. God forever bless you! — you five lives to shame duchesses."

And thereupon he took his leave for that time with so much warmth and ten-

derness, that the pair were equally affected and touched. On another occasion we hear that Dr. Johnson and Hannah had a violent quarrel (mock), till at length laughter ran so high that, says her sister, argument was confounded in noise, and finally at one in the morning the two were reconciled, and "the gallant youth" (Johnson) "set us down at our lodgings."

To enjoy Dr. Johnson properly [Hannah herself thought], one must have him to one's self, as he seldom speaks in mixed parties. Last night our tea was not over till nine; we then fell upon "Sir Eldred." He read it through, and did me the honor to add one whole stanza; but in the "Rock" he would not alter a word. Though only a tea visit, he stayed with us till twelve. I was quite at my ease, and never once asked him to eat (drink he never does anything but tea); while you, I dare say, would have been fidgeted to death, and would have sent half over the town for chickens, and oysters, and asparagus, and madeira. You see how frugal it is to be well-bred, and not to think of such vulgar renovation as eating and drinking. I had the happiness the other night to convey him home from Hill Street, though Mrs. Montagu publicly declared she did not think it prudent to trust us together, with such a declared affection on both sides. She said she was afraid of a Scotch elopement. I shall not tell you what he said of my "Sir Eldred;" to me the best part of his flattery was that he repeated all the best stanzas by heart, with the energy, though not with the grace, of a Garrick.

Garrick himself comes next upon the scene. Nothing can be warmer than the terms in which he is spoken of and written about. His character was admired, his genius adored, and both he and his charming wife received into Hannah More's heart of hearts. Even his selling the patent of Drury Lane Theatre called forth from her pen an invocation to the Muses to shed tears.

He retires [she cries] with all his blushing honors thick about him, his laurels as green as in their early spring. Who shall supply his loss to the stage? who shall now hold the master-key of the human heart? who direct the passions with more than magic power? who purify the stage? and who, in short, shall direct and nurse my dramatic muse?

Again it is —

I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner, Garrick took up the *Monthly Review* (civil gentlemen, by the by, these monthly reviewers), and read "Sir Eldred" with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own

poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and *I* by saying the same thing of the reading. I comforted us with a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it would really have been decent to have been a little sorrowful.

Again —

We have been passing three days at the temple of taste, nature, Shakespeare, and Garrick — where everything that could please the ear, charm the eye, and gratify the understanding, passed in quick succession. From dinner till midnight he entertained us in a manner infinitely agreeable. He read to us all the whimsical correspondence, in prose and verse, he had carried on for years with the first geniuses of this age. I feel I now see him in his mellowed light, and he says he longs to *enter into himself*, to study the more important duties of life, and to regulate his *domestique* with such order and sobriety as shall be a credit to himself and example to others. On Tuesday, Lord and Lady Pembroke dined with us; the countess is a pretty woman, and my lord a lively, chatty, good-humored man; but Roscius was, as usual, the life and soul of the company, and always says so many home things, pointed at the vices and follies of those with whom he converses, but in so indirect, well-bred, and good-humored a manner, that everybody must love him, and none but fools are ever offended (or would expose themselves to own it, if they were).

A little later on —

Garrick has acted all his best characters for the last time. I have at last had the entire satisfaction of seeing him in "Hamlet." . . . I pity those who have not. Posterity will never be able to form the least idea of his pretensions. . . . I have seen him within the last three weeks take leave of Benedict, Sir John Brute, Kiteley, Abel Drugger, Archer, and Leon. It seemed to me on each occasion as if I had been assisting at funeral obsequies. I felt almost as much pain as pleasure. He, however, is quite happy at his release.

Still later —

It is impossible to tell you of all the kindness and friendship of the Garricks; he thinks and talks of nothing but my "Percy." He is too sanguine; it will have a fall, and so I tell him. When he had finished the prologue and epilogue, which are excellent, he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece, but as he was a richer man, he would be content with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I

could only give him a beefsteak and a pot of porter, — and finally at midnight we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the very temperate bard contented himself.

Very temperate indeed! But oh, ye gods! who would ever have connected the shade of Hannah More with the offer of a mid-night beefsteak and pot of porter, save on her own confession?

It was in the November of 1777 that this tragedy of "Percy" was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and, strange as it may seem to us, its reception was all, and more than all, that the great actor had foretold. Its author went to stay with him and his attentive and sympathetic wife for the event, under promise of quiet rest from intrusion, the most comfortable room in the house, a good fire, and "all the lozenges and all the wheys in the world."

On the first night she accompanied her host and hostess to the performance, sat in a snug, dark corner, and "behaved very well," by her own and every one else's account; and of all the fine things said on the occasion, we need only quote Garrick's own comment, that she "had had so much flattery that she might, if she would, have choked herself in her own pap."

It was not only at the tables of Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and such as these, however, that the youthful wit and dramatist was to be met; scarce a house of distinction but threw open to her its portals; and her eyes and ears being well on the stretch, and her tongue nimble, we have deliciously quick and two-edged comments passed on to the quiet sisterhood at Bristol, and now handed down by her biographer. The whims and oddities of fashionable life naturally moved the ridicule of the shrewd and unsophisticated *femme d'esprit*, and she was not slow in noting its many phases. Then, as now, fashion, once set a-going, would run riot; and to give a single instance of Hannah's droll observations thereon, we will quote the following: —

Some ladies [she writes] carry on their heads a vast quantity of fruit, who would yet despise a poor useful member of society who carried the same to sell for bread. The other night we had eleven damsels here, of whom I protest I hardly do them justice when I affirm that they had among them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plots, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens, and greenhouses. Some of them added four or five ostrich feathers of different colors, hung from the top.

In a footnote to this letter is appended:

To this incredible folly Garrick put an end

by appearing in the character of Sir John Brute, dressed in female attire, with his cap decorated with a profusion of every sort of vegetable — an immensely large carrot being dependent from each side.

With true youthful zest Hannah went everywhere, and liked to go, seeing, hearing, marking, noting down, laughing in her sleeve — yet doing all with a kindly and tolerant *bonhomie* which could not but have rendered her the most sprightly and engaging of companions. Johnson's pet and Reynolds's *protégé* was the darling of society; and even in milder, soberer, and feebler years never even in degree lost her hold upon it. That this should have been the case, at once shows her to have been possessed of other qualities besides those of a mere wit and blue-stocking. She must have had perception, tact, and address, in order to retain the position won by talent; she must have herself been at ease and at home amidst surroundings to which she had not been born, but which had by right of adoption become familiar.

And that she was so is self-evident. We never once hear of shyness, nervousness, nor self-consciousness when introduced to the greatest of the land, amidst scenes of splendor which must at one time have been novel, whatever they finally became. Not even to sisters or parents is there the slightest reference to a passing tremor or embarrassment. The little Bristol schoolmistress was neither abashed nor unduly exalted; and so truly did she concern herself with *what* her fellow-creatures were, as opposed to *whom* they were, — so straight did she look past every outward circumstance of their lot into the citadel of the heart, — that even when her mood was freest and her pen readiest, we cannot trace a shade of sevility nor of elation.

And this not because rank and influence was in any way undervalued. Hannah More, if we read her aright, was the last person in the world to have been a "leveller," and she would assuredly not have been the chosen associate and intimate of great nobles had she been so. But the key of the whole would seem to lie in this, that her own innate refinement had endowed her with that natural fine breeding, only here and there to be met with when early surroundings have been contrary to its development; and that in consequence, throughout a very long life passed either in the vortex of courtly society, or amidst the more satisfying intercourse of the choice circle who were proud to call themselves her friends in later years, she never

would seem to have felt otherwise than that she was in her natural and proper sphere.

With the great she was easy, playful, or serious, as the case might demand; but in whatever vein, she was *herself*—and the probability is that the only time in which she would feel obliged to be on her guard, to weigh her words, and consider herself under supervision and restraint, would be when paying visits to her childhood's home, or to the school at Bristol, where she had been known only as one of five hard-working homely sisters, and where, in all likelihood, jealous eyes and spiteful tongues would lie at the catch.

Certain it is that, although her own immediate family must be considered to have been singularly free from every sort of feeling but that of joy and pride in the world's recognition of Hannah, and her permanent reception into higher spheres than any into which they could hope to follow her, we cannot gather that she was often to be seen by or found among the companions of her youth.

A very little reflection will enable us to understand how this might be. The ways, habits, and customs, the thoughts and opinions, of those with whom she had now linked herself, in harmony as they might be with her own nature, must have been at frequent variance with the simpler forms and code of life in her early home. Try as she might, she would be unable quite to reconcile the two, and the intimate friend of the polished Mrs. Montagu and the cynical Lord Orford could hardly have had much in common with the neighbors who dropped in and out of the little school-house.

If we are doing Hannah More injustice, and if she passed more of her time than appears amidst her own people, our excuse is to be found in the voluminous biography above referred to, which, with all its size and diffuseness, scarcely ever mentions one member of the More family after the opening chapters. The letters are nearly all to well-known and widely famed correspondents; the events recorded are confined to those which took place in London, or in the country homes to which Mrs. More in later years retired. We have therefore no choice but to follow the lead so given, with this single reference to her deportment, which, so far as it goes, is satisfactory on a point that might otherwise have been left in doubt:

It was remarked of her by her friends and family [says her biographer] that success and applause never made any difference in Han-

nah. She brought back, on every occasion of revisiting her native scenes, her native simplicity unsullied by contact.

Let us have another peep at the life which for many years was that which fascinated and held in thrall a woman who, later on, was to breathe a purer atmosphere, and rise to a higher conception of her duty towards God and her fellow-creatures. Here is Hannah More in her heyday of youth, spirits, and effusion:—

Would I could give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at yesterday [she cries]. Garrick would make me take his ticket for the trial of the Duchess of Kingston—a sight which for beauty and magnificence exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle's, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! Yet in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When all were seated, and the king-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment (which, however, was very ill-observed), the Gentleman of the Black Rod was desired to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges: when she bent the Lord Steward called out, "Madam, you may rise;" which I thought was literally taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze deep ruffles, and long black gloves.

The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree: he made her Grace shed bitter tears. Among the peers who spoke were Lytton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, but I could plainly perceive she wrote only as they do their love-letters on the stage, without forming a letter. We had a cold collation, and a very fine one, of all sorts of meats and wines, which we had only to open the door to get at—a privilege confined to the Duke of Newcastle's party. I fancy the peeresses would many of them have been glad of our places, for I saw Lady Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire eating out of their workbags. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the "villainous appetites" of eating and drinking. Foote says the Em-

press of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs. Rudd are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the Duchess disdainfully excludes Mrs. Rudd from the alliance. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamored: she looked very much like Mrs. Pritchard. She is large and ill-shaped: there was nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazine. At the end she was taken ill, but performed it badly.

Sharp enough this, and no one will be surprised to find that the youthful censor has presently much satisfaction in recording that

Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, was this very afternoon *undignified* and *unduchessed*, and very narrowly escaped being burnt in the hand. If [she adds] you had been half as much interested against this unprincipled, artful, and licentious woman as I have, you would be as rejoiced as I am. All the peers but two or three (who chose to withdraw) exclaimed with great emphasis, "Guilty, upon my honor!" except the Duke of Newcastle, who said "Guilty, erroneously, but not intentionally." Great nonsense, by the by, but peers are privileged. . . . The next morning Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He was very entertaining. He is very angry that the Duchess was not burned in the hand. He said that as he had once been a professed lover of hers, it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, — but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron.

The next night she dined with Burke, to meet Pitt, Mahon, and Gibbon, but had to hurry off to Mrs. Boscawen's evening party, which she terms a splendid and brilliant assemblage of above forty people, most of them of the very first quality, and adds that though the party was so large (we should not think it quite so large now) it was in the highest degree agreeable. This she in part attributes to the excellence of the hostess, who, "all herself, easy, well-bred, and in every place at once, was so attentive to each individual that I dare say every one when they got home thought as I did, that I alone had been the immediate object of her attention." *N.B.* — A hint for hostesses of to-day.

Mrs. Montagu, whose house was also the resort of mingled literature and fashion, was of another sort, though she appears to have been scarcely, if at all, less successful; her guests were permitted to assort themselves, which they usually did into little groups of five or six, and it was Hannah More's way to flit like a butterfly from one of these to another, sipping the

honey from each — honey which, writes one, "if her head be proof against, I will venture to say nothing will ever harm her hereafter." That she was ready to own and relate her own occasional though rare misadventures in the gay fields, is shown by the following: —

At a party at Lord Stormont's last night Mrs. Crewe looked beautifully, and Lady Susan talked wittily. That I myself talked prudently you will allow, when I tell you that I caught myself in an invective against Lord Rockingham's new ministry, which I wisely thought proper to address to Lady Charlotte Wentworth, forgetting at the moment that she was his sister!

Encouraged by the great success of "Percy," and constantly urged by Garrick to try her powers again in the same way, Hannah More had employed herself during the former year in writing another tragedy, four acts of which had been read and much approved by him. She had completed this piece before his death, and Mr. Harris, the manager, no sooner understood it was ready than he begged to have it brought out at once, notwithstanding that the season was nearly over. "Fatal Falsehood" was however only to be played for three or four nights if the weather should be very warm. Its success was so indubitable, even from the first, that this idea had to be abandoned; and though it was far from having the great run of its predecessor, it abundantly increased both Hannah's fame and her means. "The applause," writes one, "was as great as her most sanguine friends could wish. Miss Young was interrupted three different times in one speech with bursts of approbation. When Rivers, who was thought dead, reappeared in the fifth act, they quite shouted for joy. The curtain fell to slow music, and then came the moment when the fate of the piece was to be decided. Hall came forward and asked permission to perform it again. They gave leave by three loud shouts and many huzzas. One little anecdote. A lady observing to her maid that her eyes looked red when she came in from the play, the girl by way of apology replied, 'Well, ma'am, if I did cry it was no harm; a great many very respectable people did the same.' Another maid of a friend of mine 'thought they would have tore the house down with clapping; and her mistress added that she herself had never seen nor heard any piece equally received.' Fox had been moved to tears by the former tragedy, and Burke and Reynolds had cried shame on the insen-



sibility of some who had not been, in some measure at least, affected. Can we wonder then, that, thus encouraged by high and low, and equally applauded by the saloon and the garret, the happy playwright should essay further flights? The "Sacred Dramas," accordingly, were not long in following their more secular brethren. Of them Hannah says herself that the word *sacred* in the title was a damper; it was, she averred, tying a millstone about their necks, and she prepared herself philosophically for failure.

Failure which never came to pass. It seemed as if the fair writer had license to choose her own subject and its own form. She could not weary out the taste of the town, or at any rate of those whose verdict the town was content to endorse. The excellent Jonas Hanway, for example, who had before perusal satisfied himself that it was taking an undue liberty with Holy Scripture thus to dramatize it, had no sooner laid down the volume than he ran with all haste to his bookseller, bought three or four copies, and carried them there and then to a boarding-school where he had some young friends. He gave the governess the book, and "told her that it was a part of her duty to see that all the girls under her charge studied it thoroughly." So far well; but for our part we cannot help hoping that the poor little maids were allowed to consider the study as a portion of their daily tasks, and not as — horrible thought! — a recreation.

How the indefatigable diner-out, sight-seer, and conversationalist found time to pen the ponderous tome one really wonders.

During at any rate the first twenty years succeeding her introduction to the world's stage, the record of her life reads like a continual tale of engagements, entertainments, and undertakings of one sort and another, incompatible with the quiet pursuit of literature. True, these are occasionally varied with brief sojourns of "deep retirement" with Mrs. Garrick in her widowhood, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, the friend of kings and princes, and other choice spirits; but these would always appear to have been evanescent, and filled to overflowing with correspondence and converse. When debarred from personally mixing with statesmen, bishops, wits, men of learning, and women of talent, Hannah More could at least commune with them through the medium of her ready pen, and delightful indeed must such letters as hers have been to receive. Here is a quick touch: —

Though Mrs. Garrick and I are in such deep retirement, we are never dull, because not reduced to the fatigue of entertaining dunces, nor of being obliged to listen to *them*. We dress like a couple of Scaramouches, dispute like a couple of Jesuits, eat like a couple of aldermen, walk like a couple of porters, and read as much as any two doctors of either university.

Very agreeable for the nonce; but it is obvious that a short and merry season of the "deep retirement" sufficed for the lively Hannah, who flies back to her beloved London on any and every occasion with renewed zest and *goût*. As she was now realizing an infinitely handsomer income than she could possibly have acquired by drudging at the Bristol school in company with the humbler sisters, doubtless she had a right to please herself in the selection of her abode, her company, and her mode of living; and as the presence of her piquant and charming self was probably a considerable impetus to the circulation of her writings, she may on prudential grounds, as well as from inclination, have been seldom long absent from the metropolis. She appears to have been one of those lovable, genial, sympathetic, mirth-fostering, humor-provocative creatures, whom neither man nor woman can resist; and although we are nowhere told that she was handsome, only that she was "clever and fascinating" in her unknown days, while in her zenith we are allowed to think what we choose, still the countenance which Opie painted, and an engraving of which is appended to her biography, could not have been a drawback to any one's career. The probability is that it was a bright, frank, sunshiny face, engaging at the outset, but soon lost sight of in the greater charms of wit and wisdom.

In contemplating a life so interwoven with that of others, it is almost impossible to disentangle the real Hannah More from the fêted and caressed idol of society. Princes and princesses, men of the world and recluses who had long renounced it, alike bid for her favor. The theatre at Bristol vaunted, "Boast we not a More?" and "the learned cits at Oxford inscribed their acknowledgment of her authority." Horace Walpole sat on her doorstep — or threatened to do so — till she would promise to go down to Strawberry Hill; Locke quoted her, Mrs. Thrale twined her arms about her, Wilberforce consulted her and employed her. It is hopeless to thread the mazes through it all, vain to attempt to record all the gay, amusing, sparkling

anecdotes with which this period abounds, or to note one tithe of the good things said and *said back*, to reappear once more for posterity. They do but serve to give shadowy glimpses into what must have been a scene of enchantment and temptation enough to bewitch any one of Hannah More's responsive disposition, and to make it a matter of wonder, not that she should have lingered so long amidst such surroundings, but rather that she could ever have prevailed upon herself to quit them.

Yet the time came at length when she was in a great measure to withdraw from routine more alluring and beguiling than useful and rational; and as years went by, we cannot but rejoice to observe this noble and gifted creature becoming dissatisfied with a butterfly existence, albeit spent on lofty heights, and desirous in her maturer years of devoting her time and thoughts towards securing the abiding welfare of her own soul, and doing good to others.

To the end of her long life she was indeed to remain the trusted and confidential friend of the great and good, to be known and recognized as a power by all; but she was not to pass her days in going from house to house even in the enjoyment of the finest society, and those who wished to profit by her delightful companionship and vast experience of mankind had to seek her in the shades of her own humbler dwelling.

Not that even amidst the whirl of the metropolis Hannah had been idle; her active mind had found scope for benevolence and philanthropy even there, and she had entered warmly into one scheme and another, had "joyfully accepted the honorable office of Mr. Wilberforce's almoner," and had occupied whole summers in trying to establish, by means of her influence and persuasive powers, schools in benighted villages, which, she declared, were in "pagan darkness, while we are sending missionaries to the ends of the earth." But there can be no question that she experienced, as time passed, a sensation of being yet, after a fashion, only a dilettante in the field of labor, and a longing to devote her talents and her energies more entirely to the end for which she could not but feel they had been given her. She had no home ties, no special claims; she had fair health, abundance of leisure, and a good income, — she ought to be doing more for the world, rendering more back to her Maker than she had hitherto done, proving herself, in short,

a more faithful steward than she had so far attempted to be; and to this end she began, we are told, presently to contract the vast circle of her acquaintance, and contemplate a change in her whole tenor of life. A little secluded spot called Cowslip Green, in the neighborhood of Bath, was her first choice as a place of residence, and to it she retired in the year 1785, in spite of the clamors of her friends, and a message from no less a person than the saintly-minded John Wesley, bidding her be of good cheer and remain where she was. "Tell her," he said, "to live in the world. *There* is the sphere of her usefulness. They will not let *us* come near them."

Hannah More probably felt that on so momentous a point she must judge for herself, and doubtless had an inkling, moreover, that she could still sway the multitude, and hold her own, even from the meadows of Cowslip Green. The experience of the world, its vices, follies, immoralities, and inconsistencies, which she had gained, would never be thrown away, as her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great" abundantly testified; and these, with their numerous home-thrusts and very plain dealing, made their mark as speedily as any of their predecessors.

"The Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World" which followed, was bought up and read with like avidity, because written with like boldness and acumen. Tracing the want of all restraint to the prevailing indifference to vital religion, she brought her charges home to the conviction of her readers, with the result that the frivolous as well as the vicious were ashamed and surprised. The little book had no sponsor, but "Aut Morus, aut Angelus!" exclaimed the Bishop of London before he had read six pages; and the pious John Newton considered himself dull because it took him nearly a minute's brown study ere he was equally enlightened. Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury, next averred that neither Hannah's wishes nor his silence would avail, for that no doubt could remain even in the breast of the most cursory reader as to whom "the excellent heart and most elegant pen" were due.

To our mind, however, as we have before hinted, the only writings of Hannah More which would now bear reprinting are her village stories, tracts, and ballads, which are really smart, original, and highly entertaining. That they are also admirable in point of tone and teaching is a matter of course, and it is therefore easy to

believe that their reception was enthusiastic and their sale enormous. *Two millions* were sold during the first year — a sale almost unparalleled at that time, and not very usual even now.

The production of these, and the maintenance of an immense correspondence, kept even the prolific pen of the indefatigable spinster fully employed; and accordingly, between her literary work and her schools and village visiting, she does not seem ever to have felt a void, or experienced regret for the gayer scenes she had forsaken. And what correspondents she had! It were vain to seek to enumerate them; the most exalted, perhaps, being the pious and royal Duchess of Gloucester, — the most brilliant, the splendid French Academician Girard, — the most notorious, the sceptical and cynical Horace Walpole, now Earl of Orford. Of the first, Hannah says, "She writes in such terms that you would have thought I had been the princess and she the Cowslip Green woman;" and Walpole's devotion to his "holy Hannah," and her toleration of his witty profanity and free opinions, are well known, and drew forth considerable comment at the time. It is certain that had the artificial but attractive nobleman lived a few years longer, he would have found himself unable to keep up with his fair "saint" in the realms of purer light and devotion into which her soul year by year ascended; but for a long time, and indeed until death cut it short, their friendship continued close and uninterrupted, she herself owning that when the affecting tidings of his end reached her, she was quite overcome, while calling to remembrance the incessant kindness shown by him to her for over twenty years. Nor should it be overlooked by those who may be disposed to censure such an alliance, that Hannah More, even at that moment of sorrow, comforted herself with the thought that she had never at any time flinched from Orford's ridicule or gibes, nor suffered them to pass without rebuke. At their very last meeting she had forced a promise from him to buy and read a devout book; and we can surely believe that all the influence which so saintly a woman possessed over an unbeliever would be exerted to win him to the cause of religion and virtue, while coldness or neglect might have driven him from it. When Orford's letters came to be published later on, it was found that Mrs. More was the only living correspondent to whom any of them had been addressed.

With that other friend above mentioned, with whom she enjoyed epistolary intercourse, the gifted and good Duchess of Gloucester, Hannah More could maintain the fullest communion of soul and spirit. They met when they could; and one meeting is so agreeably depicted, we cannot but transcribe it: —

I have been rather royal lately [allows the *ci-devant* schoolmistress] for on Monday I spent the day at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, and yesterday passed the morning at Carlton House — on the last occasion with the little Princess Charlotte. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I went all over the house and gardens in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in taking me about, and also in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, statues, etc., for my entertainment. My visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here (at Fulham Palace) since then. For the Bishop of London's amusement and mine, the Princess offered to produce all her learning and accomplishments — the first consisting of a repetition of "The Little Busy Bee," the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing "God save the King" at the top of her little shrilly sweet voice, which was really affecting, all things considered. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say that she is exactly like the child of any private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil. . . . I must tell you one anecdote of her. She has taken a very great liking to the Bishop of London, frequently asking to go and see him, and take walks alone with him. The other day she was thus overheard in soliloquy when supposing herself alone, with an open Testament on her knee: "I think," she observed, "that Joseph need not have been afraid of returning to Judea, when told by the angel that he might return; but I leave that to be settled by the Bishop of London and Lady Elgin."

On her part, the royal duchess thus writes of her friend: —

The Bishop told me yesterday that Mrs. H. More was very unwell. Her life is of too much consequence to the world not to create serious alarm to her friends when she is indisposed. Will you, my dear Miss Martha (she is writing to one of the Bristol sisterhood) write me a few consolatory lines, for I am really very uneasy about her. My reverence for her unblemished character and exalted piety has turned into respectful affection, and that she may long be spared to us is the anxious prayer of, dear Miss Martha, your sincerely attached well-wisher, MARIA.

P.S. — My Sophia is, you may be sure, as anxious as myself.

From this, and from many other illnesses of one kind and another, Hannah More recovered, though she was subject to inflammatory and catarrhal attacks on the chest all her life, and these often interfered with her course of usefulness. Cowslip Green was perhaps somewhat damp and relaxing, and this, together with other considerations, made her resolve, after some years spent there, upon quitting it for a more convenient and bracing abode. Accordingly, in 1802, she purchased a piece of ground in the same neighborhood, but in a more healthy and accessible spot, and there erected for herself a commodious mansion, presently to become known to the world as Barley Wood, to which were added gardens, shrubberies, coach-houses, a comfortable carriage, and all the other necessities and luxuries of a country residence. Here admirers and worshippers presently thronged and were welcomed; for in spite of the gifted lady's sighs for retirement and seclusion, we are tempted to doubt whether these would not speedily have lost their charm, had they not frequently alternated with seasons of wit and mirth, argument and lively discussion. "The world," we are told, "broke in upon her whether she would or no; the world wanted her and interrupted her; the world used and abused her—honored her by its calumnies, or humbled her by its caresses; but the world could not do without her"—and if we know Hannah More, she could not have done without the world.

It must have been something to see the greatest men and women of the day walk quietly across her threshold for the mere pleasure of being with her, of consulting her, interchanging thoughts and sentiments with her, and receiving counsels, sympathy, and good cheer at her lips. No one could have been insensible to the delights of such company, under such circumstances; and the gentle urbanity of Mrs. More's temper, her simple gratitude for affection and esteem, and her readiness to extenuate the faults and extol the virtues of others, must have made her peculiarly alive to homage of so delicate a nature.

It may not, indeed, here be out of place to remark that Hannah More carried her belief in human nature, and reluctance to see evil in those about her, to the verge—or over the verge—of weakness. This infirmity led to gross scandals arising at a later date in her household, where the "eight pampered minions" disgraced themselves and their mistress in the eyes

of the neighborhood (and caused *her*, indeed, to be far more widely censured); and we would not palliate nor conceal the fact that, even while in health and strength, she had suffered her household rule to be far too lax and irregular. Naturally this reluctance to offend increased with declining years, until at length it was represented to her that by obstinately shutting her eyes to the true state of the case, she was in danger of appearing as the patroness of vice itself. That was sufficient. The poor old lady, then in her eightieth year, took alarm at last; yet so little was she able to cope with the evil, that it appeared to her there was nothing to be done but to quit her beloved home, break up her entire establishment, and cashier the whole army of domestics who had thus abused her confidence. To this we will refer later, but at present it may suffice to depict her as living a peaceful and industrious life, unaware of anything seriously defective beneath her roof; and we have merely mentioned the unfortunate circumstance, because it is essential to a true understanding of Hannah More's character that it should be known how the amiability which made her the most lovable of friends, the most agreeable of companions, and the most sympathetic of confidantes, led her astray at home, where, under a system of excessive indulgence, virtue lost its value, and liberty degenerated into license.

If not successful in her domestic discipline, however, no fault could be found with her schools and her parish work. Her plans were so simple and so sensible, that they will probably in our day excite surprise. She "allowed of no writing for the poor." They were taught to read, to sew, to wash; they learned Watts's hymns, the catechism, and the collects; they were permitted to sing an occasional psalm (though here, for the first time, we find that Mrs. More had herself, unfortunately, no delight in music); and when a whole chapter of Scripture had been got by heart, a prize of a penny was awarded. Her grand endeavor, she avowed, was to make everything as interesting and *entertaining* as she could, "so as to engage the children's attention, excite in them the love of God, and awaken their gratitude to their Redeemer."

Could any aim have been higher? Could any means have been simpler?

Then follows one delightful little avowal: "Once in every six weeks I give a little gingerbread." How must that gingerbread Sunday have been looked forward to!

That a personage of such importance as Hannah More had her enemies and detractors, goes without saying; but one attack which was made upon her at this period is almost too diverting for belief. Two Jacobin and infidel curates, poor and ambitious, formed the design of attracting notice and obtaining possible preferment, by viciously attacking those very infant schools over which she had presided for so many years with such marked and un-failing success. We need not go into the particulars of this portion of the arraignment, from which, it is needless to say, she issued triumphant; but that which followed may amuse our readers. She was accused of being a fanatic who had hired two men to assassinate one of these clergymen; of being in the pay of Mr. Pitt, and the grand instigator of the war by means of her mischievous pamphlets; and lastly, of being concerned with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat! And these needy and unscrupulous rogues actually found magazines, reviews, and pamphleteers to support them! It may excite us to smile; but we can scarcely wonder that a fragile, susceptible, and altogether feminine nature was "filled with grief and astonishment"—so much so, as "nearly to cost her her life." Yet even that extraordinary affair, with all its complications, became subsequently a matter of thankfulness, since she could acknowledge that it had helped to break her too strong attachment to the world, and showed her the vanity of human applause. It must therefore have been a very real and bitter trial; and that a peaceable, orderly spinster living in the light of day, neither shunning inspection nor courting persecution, could have been the subject of a libel so grossly ridiculous and outrageous, and that it could have been given credit to and even passed on by a considerable audience, affords a curious insight into the suspicion and credulity of those unsettled times.

Hannah More, as a *power*, had to pay the penalty for being so.

"Spare yourself," cried one, herself a noteworthy personage, the brilliant Mrs. Barbauld,—"spare yourself, I entreat you, for the world cannot spare you; and consider this, that in the most indolent day you can possibly find, you are in every drawing-room, and every closet, and every parlor window, gliding from place to place with wonderful celerity, and talking good things to hundreds and hundreds of auditors. . . . A good and sensible woman, who is leading a very solitary country life, on being asked how she contrived to divert herself, says she: 'I have my spinning-wheel

and my Hannah More. When I have spun one pound of flax I put on another, and when I have finished my book I begin it again. I want no other amusement.'"

No other amusement! Good heavens! Breathes there a man, woman, or child, with soul so—quiescent nowadays, as to be satisfied with reels of flax and yards of Hannah More? Give us Hannah's company, but not—not her writings.

"I have heard but of one lady," wrote Sir William Pepys, nevertheless, "who is determined not to read Mrs. More's books; and the reason she gives is that, as she has *settled* her habits, she does not wish to be reasoned out of what she cannot alter,—which reminds me of a curious kind of a judge of whom I lately heard, who, while one of the counsel was pleading before him in a manner not to be resisted, suddenly cried out, 'Mr. —, I will not be argued out of my opinion in this manner.'"

"The Bishop of London mentioned the 'tracts' in St. James's Church last Sunday," wrote Lady Cremorne, "in a manner the most honorable."

"Junius's letters or Chatterton's poems hardly occasioned more eager controversy or curious research in public, than 'Cœlebs' has done in private," affirmed a learned barrister-at-law.

But we will quote no more. Our only object in offering the above is to endeavor feebly to give some idea of the reception accorded to writings now so completely vanished out of sight. "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" remains indeed as a name, an empty title,—whom written by, what written about, not worth inquiring into; and we cannot but believe that we shall raise surprise when we inform our readers that at its publication it created such a *furor*, that in nine months the eleventh edition was giving place to the twelfth; while booksellers all over the country were complaining and bewailing that the press could not satisfy their demands. In America, four editions succeeded each other as fast as they could be printed; and we may here add, that during her lifetime no fewer than thirty editions of this work—editions of a thousand copies each—were published in that country.

The new departure in the shape of a novel was undertaken, Mrs. More informs us, because she "thought that there were already good books enough in the world for good people, but that there was a larger class of readers whose wants had not been attended to, namely, the subscribers to the circulating library; and that to raise the tone of that mart of mischief, and in some measure counteract its



corruptions, seemed an object worth attempting." She did not, however, for reasons of her own, append her name to the first edition, and it was no small amusement and gratification to her to receive, as she did for a considerable period after its publication, letters earnestly recommending her to read it, and giving a description of its character and tendency, together with assurances of its popularity.

The secret soon however leaked out. Anew visitors and disciples flocked to Barley Wood. Among these came Rowland Hill, the eccentric wit and preacher.

I had been told so much of his oddities in the pulpit [wrote Mrs. More] that I had prepared myself for something amazingly absurd. But as the phrase is, I had reckoned without my host—or rather, without my guest. He is extremely well-bred—abounding in pointed wit; very cheerful; in argument solid, sober, and sound; quite free from the infirmities of age, and retaining all those courtly manners which one had rather a right to expect from his birth and early habits, than from his irregular clerical performances. As a proof that he takes good works into large account, when I asked him if it were true that he had vaccinated six thousand people with his own hand, he answered—"Madam, it was nearer eight thousand." He did not, to my surprise, discover one eccentricity in manner, sentiment, or language.

So Rowland must have been on his guard; and though Hannah avoucheth it not, we fancy we trace a gleam of disappointment that it had been so. Her fun had been spoilt. Whether or not she had expected any from the celebrated Scotchman, Dr. Chalmers, who also paid her a visit at this time, she certainly enjoyed his society—as also that of Mr. Jay, the noted Nonconformist, and many others. When remonstrated with by her friends on receiving such an endless stream of visitors, of whom it would here be useless even to seek to enumerate those worthy of mention, it is characteristic of the cheerful nature of the old lady, now approaching her declining years, that she thus replied:

If my visitors are young, I hope I may perhaps be enabled to do them some good; if old, I expect to receive some good from them. If they come from far, I cannot refuse to see them after they have incurred (though so little worth it) so much trouble and expense to come and see me. If they live near, I could not be so ungracious and unkind as to shut out my neighbors.

And this law of consideration and kindness she carried out to the latest day of her life.

But her contemporaries now began to

drop away fast, and scarce a year but robbed her of some of them. In one month alone, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Canterbury, and her "old and accomplished friend, Sir William Pepys," were taken. At another time it was the venerable Bishop of Durham, and her "dear, dear Lady Cremorne," in a breath. Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, and Sheridan had long been gone; but although subject to frequent periodical illnesses, she continued rather to improve in her own health than otherwise, until within a few years of the close of her life. At eighty-two she could report herself as better in health and spirits than she had been for a very long time. She was as keenly alive, moreover, to every little gleam of the humorous and ludicrous as she had ever been, as the following anecdote will show. She is writing to Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and says:—

I hope to make you smile for a moment by a little story. A party of four was sitting at a game of whist, when one of the set, having a slight headache, turned about and asked a lady, who was sitting by, to take her hand for a few minutes. The lady excused herself by saying that really she did not know how to play; upon which the other exclaimed, "Now, that is what I call *Calvinism*." Is it not a pity that Bishop Horsley could not have been by to hear this satisfactory exposition of the doctrine—so practical too?

In another playful moment, she drew up a list in commemoration of the kind attentions she received from so many quarters, after fixing her new and last abode at Clifton—Barley Wood having been disposed of, and four trim maids having succeeded to the disorderly mixed household.

I have a perfect court at Windsor Terrace [she writes]. My sportsmen are the Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Acland, Sir Edmond Hartopp, and Mr. Harford. My fruiterers, Mr. Battersby, Mr. Pigott, and Mrs. Addington. My confectioner, Mrs. Walker Gray. My philosopher, Mr. Wilberforce. My state physician, Dr. Carrick. My interpreter, Mr. Huber. My silk-mercator and clothier, Mrs. La Touche. My domestic chaplain, secretary, apothecary, lamplighter, knitter, missionary, and without controversy, queen of clubs,\* Miss Frowd.

Thus surrounded and attended, she was at length persuaded to reserve two fixed days in every week to be her own, against the influx of visitors which had now become perfectly overwhelming and bewil-

\* In allusion to the village clubs set on foot by Mrs. More.

dering. Her "guard of honor" steadily set themselves to defend and protect their aged friend from intrusion which, at her advanced age, almost amounted to impertinence. Her house at Clifton was easy of access, and had they not done so, curiosity, if no higher motive, would have impelled thousands to seek it.

Not very long after her removal thither, however, the beginning of the end was seen to approach,—the powers once so brilliant showed symptoms of decay, and the memory began to fail. From the earliest age at which faculties usually attain their maturity to this very late period of her life, Mrs. More, says her biographer, had kept her mind, if not at the top of its bent, yet at a considerable stretch; and when her last long vacation from study and composition was entered upon, the retrograde course became quickly more and more decided, till time completed the undoing of its own work, and dissolved the structure which long exercise and experience had raised to so lofty an elevation. But there was one subject as to which the mind of this extraordinary woman lost none of its energy, even when her last illness brought her to the verge of eternity. While that side of her understanding which looked toward the world was dim and obscure, that which was turned toward heaven continued bright and lucid. She retained to the last an unclouded remembrance of the mercies of her God as her single ground of hope and trust, through faith in the one all-sufficient sacrifice; and if a text from Holy Scripture were quoted for her consolation, she would follow it out, or respond to it, with instant and full perception and emphasis.

It was about the latter end of the summer of 1833 that a marked deterioration of her faculties became observable, and a degree of fever caused her strength slowly to waste.

Next, appetite failed, and for about a week before the end, recognition even of those constantly about her became difficult; till on the 7th of September, and in the eighty-fifth year of her life, the pious and venerable Hannah More peacefully and painlessly ceased to breathe.

From Longman's Magazine.  
GREY FUR.

#### A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A POOR GOVERNESS.

##### I.

THE frost came early in the year 186—, and like most early frosts it did a great deal of damage, over and above murdering at one fell swoop the late lingering flowers, which with kindlier treatment might have bloomed on yet some little time. It is always the first unexpected frost which does the most harm, surprising us as it often does in muslin and straw hats, before we have had time to adjust our winter armor.

This particular frost made the usual amount of havoc in the animal as well as the vegetable world, and amongst other calamities to be laid at its door were the broken leg of an old man, and the death of a little girl.

Probably many other brittle old bones snapped just about that same time, and no doubt scores of little girls, and boys too, succumbed to the effects of chills caught at that period; such cases only go to make up the usual average of deaths and accidents, and are in no wise interesting to the general public. The two cases I have mentioned are only in so far interesting as having brought about the meeting of two young people living far apart; for if neither of these events had happened, or if they had not occurred simultaneously, the chances are that Hugo Weyprecht would never have met Clara Elsinger, and consequently this story would not have been written.

The old man who broke his leg was the confidential agent of the large commercial house of Bilsenkraut, Wolff & Co., at St. Petersburg, and he broke it when hurrying over a crowded crossing. Slipping his foot on one of the puddles frozen over night, he was run over by a passing omnibus, and brought home disabled for work for a good six weeks to come.

"Deucedly provoking," growled the head of the establishment, when the accident was reported to him, "and he was to have started for K— to-morrow, so as to reach the place before the great market. Could not the fellow have contrived to break his leg at some other time? And there is not another man in the establishment who can manage this affair with ability and discretion. Honesty and ability are both required here, and it is rare indeed to find these two qualities combined. The honest ones are not clever as

a rule, and the clever ones are rarely honest. Stay—there is that young German; he is young, to be sure, but I know him to be clever, and I believe, nay, I am almost sure, that he is honest. He has a good face—who knows? The matter is urgent, and we may lose over a million by delay,” and the great man rang a little bell which stood on his writing-desk, with the air of one who has taken an important resolution.

“Tell Hugo Weyprecht to speak to me at once,” was the order he gave, which presently was obeyed.

Hugo Weyprecht was a tall young man of about twenty-six, rather darker than Germans usually are, with thoughtful brown eyes, and a rare and somewhat melancholy smile. Like many of his countrymen he suffered slightly from the national complaint of *Heimweh* (home-sickness), and, despite four years' residence in Russia, still felt himself to be an alien and an exile in this strange land.

The conversation between the two lasted fully an hour, but as the double doors were closed there was no possibility of overhearing their talk. The great man talked a great deal, while the young one answered from time to time shortly and to the point, or put pregnant questions bearing on the subject of his proposed mission.

His manner seemed to have favorably impressed his patron, for he said in conclusion,—

“I am aware that I am acting rashly in confiding such a weighty matter to you, but I have confidence, and I like your face, and should you prove yourself able to accomplish this to the satisfaction of the firm, you may consider your future secured, and I shall be able to offer you a permanent post in one of our German houses. I know it has long been your wish to return to your country. But you will require to have all your wits about you; the country is not over safe. Remember my directions, and above all, absolute silence and discretion!”

Armed with various credentials in the shape of letters and addresses, and with a thick leather pocket-book buttoned up within his coat, Hugo Weyprecht left the merchant's room, and twenty-four hours later was on his way to K—, a town in Russian Poland.

## II.

THE little girl whose death had happened to coincide with the breaking of the agent's leg, was the daughter and

only child of Count and Countess Froloff, wealthy magnates living at their château, some several score of miles from the capital, in a south-eastern direction.

Clara Elsinger, a young German girl of scarcely nineteen, had been governess to little Olga; it was her first situation, and there was no doubt that for a beginner her lines had fallen in very pleasant places indeed. It had been quite an unlooked-for chance which had secured this enviable position for the penniless German girl, and landed her so many hundred miles away from her own home in the depths of savage Russia. Not longer than six months previously, Count Froloff and his wife, on their way home to Russia after wintering in Paris, had been compelled to stop for a week at Stuttgart on account of some passing indisposition of the countess. While staying there it became necessary to dismiss the Parisian governess who accompanied them, that elegant female having been detected in some glaring breach of honesty or morality, and, casting about for a *remplaçante*, the sweet face and captivating manner of Clara Elsinger had so taken the great lady's fancy that she engaged her on the spot, overcoming whatever reluctance the girl might have felt to leaving her native land, by the assurance of a liberal salary.

And in truth this reluctance was of no very powerful nature, no more than the natural shrinking of a young timid creature to break with the present and make the plunge into totally new and unknown surroundings. She had no close home ties to make the wrench a painful one, knowing well that her absence would be rather a relief than a pang to the querulous old aunt who, out of a mere sense of duty, had taken care of her since she had been an orphan.

She had had no cause as yet to regret her decision. The Froloffs lived in princely fashion, and everything about their establishment was replete not only with splendor but also with comfort, two things which do not always go hand in hand—at least not in Russia. Her duties had been light, she being only required to instruct the child in German and music, while for the other languages and accomplishments various other teachers were employed.

Still half a child herself, Clara participated in every pleasurable pursuit of her little charge; the long drives in the perfectly appointed pony carriage, the boating parties on the river, the games of ball in the long gallery. Countess Froloff treated

her more like another daughter than a hired attendant, and she wondered how people could talk of the life of a governess being a hard one.

In this way the summer had gone by swiftly like one long uninterrupted holiday. Quickly had Clara accustomed herself to her luxurious surroundings, for this habit is sooner learned than unlearned, and the idea that it would ever have to be unlearned again did not even come to her mind.

Such had been the state of things up to two days ago, and then one evening, after a somewhat longer row in the boat, little Olga had complained of sore throat, which had rapidly developed into diphtheria, and, despite the best medical assistance, taken a fatal termination within twenty-four hours.

Was it possible that only the day before yesterday they had come back together in the boat laughing and jesting, bearing huge sheaves of dripping bulrushes plucked from the river? thought Clara as she sat alone in her room. Only the day before yesterday! And now she was making the wreath to be laid on the poor child's coffin.

Clara was sitting on a low footstool, and her delicate fingers were busy at work weaving the snowy camellias into a heavy garland. She looked very sweet sitting there in the twilight, with the large pure flowers heaped on her lap, her dark blue gown hanging in heavy folds from her lonesome figure, the silken plaits of her golden hair wound tightly round her little head. She became the flowers, and they became her, and had she but raised her eyes to the mirror opposite she could not have failed to see what a fair picture they made together. But she never raised her eyes, and ever and anon as she worked a heavy drop splashed down on the waxen petals, or she was forced to pause and wipe away the tears obscuring her vision.

The wreath was finished at last, and Clara now sat motionless holding it on her lap, absorbed in a mournful reverie. No thought had as yet come to her that this death could in any way affect her own position; she was as yet too bewildered and benumbed by the suddenness of the blow, for she had been much attached to her little charge. Her thoughts were all of the unfortunate parents thus stricken. Of what use were now their endless riches when they had lost their only darling? Some confused notion there may have been in her mind, that it was to her the heartbroken mother would doubtless

turn for consolation when the first sharpness of the blow was spent. Was she not called upon henceforth to enact the part of daughter to the poor lady who was even now sobbing out her very soul within a darkened chamber?

Clara's reflections were presently interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the appearance of a liveried footman.

"The Fräulein would be pleased to come down and speak to his Grace the count," was the message delivered.

"To the countess, you mean?" asked Clara, correcting.

"To the count," repeated the man. "And he awaits the Fräulein in the large yellow saloon."

"I shall be down directly," said the young girl in some surprise, for she was not used to having any transactions with the master of the house, who, somewhat distant and formal in his manner, had always treated her with exquisite but taciturn politeness.

She left the room, holding the heavy white wreath slung over her arm, and went down the broad staircase still wondering why she had been sent for.

In the long gallery below, where she had so often played at ball, some workmen were busy putting up sable hangings over the doorway which marked the chamber of death. A tradesman holding a roll of black stuff, and a sacristan with a bundle of wax torches, were waiting on a bench; servants were standing about in awe-struck groups exchanging scraps of ghastly gossip below their breath. Everything bore a deathlike stamp, and smelt, so to say, of crape and cypresses; everything in this vast, well-appointed house had got out of its usual groove, merely because one little girl had closed her eyes.

Clara passed down the gallery, and opened the door of the saloon which was at the further end.

This room was the ballroom of the château, and not used on ordinary occasions. The furniture ranged along the walls was of white and gilded woodwork in the Louis XV. style, and cushioned with amber damask; the curtains, amber damask likewise, and amber damask let into panels on the walls. Large pier-glasses, reaching to the ground, alternated with full-length portraits representing the most distinguished ancestors of the Froloff family — grimly aristocratic and uncompromising individuals. The floor was parquetted with polished oaken boards, and from the ceiling was suspended a gigantic Venetian candelabra.

All this magnificence was but dimly seen in the gathering dusk, as was also the tall, stiff figure of Count Froloff, aged about forty, quite as aristocratic and almost as uncompromising as his painted ancestors.

He bowed courteously as Clara entered, but made no attempt to offer her a seat, neither did he sit down himself. He scarcely glanced at her as he said, —

"Excuse me for asking you to come down here into this cold room, mademoiselle; I was afraid of disturbing the countess" (he always spoke of his wife as the countess), "as her room is too near the other drawing-room. She is very seriously unwell, indeed —"

"May I go in to see her?" asked the young girl.

The count frowned ever so slightly.

"Oh, dear, no; that is not to be thought of for a moment. In fact it was precisely on that account that I asked to see you, mademoiselle. You will understand of course that after our — our loss," he grew a shade paler, "we shall have to make various changes in the household, and as you have nothing further to detain you here, you will doubtless be glad to regain your own country without delay. Permit me to offer you six months' salary in advance to compensate you for any inconvenience this change of plans may cause, and which, along with your travelling expenses, you will find contained in this envelope."

He ceased speaking, and held out the paper towards her; but too much bewildered by the upshot of his words, she did not even put out her hand to receive it. Clara felt a rushing sound as of water in her ears, and convulsively she clasped the large white garland to her breast as though to gain support by leaning on it. Dismissed! dismissed! was that what it meant?

"You want me to go away?" she gasped out at last with stupid inquiry. Even now she thought she could hardly have heard aright.

The count gave a slight, a very slight, sniff of his fine-cut nostrils. How coarsely those *bourgeois* people always expressed themselves! He was surprised at this girl who had always appeared to be quite harmless, quite negatively ladylike, being betrayed into such uncouth phraseology.

"It will, I fear, be necessary for us to part," was the way he put it, correctively.

"And when?" she inquired, still bewildered.

"Oh, whenever you please; just at your

own convenience," said the nobleman in the same irreproachable tone of conventional politeness. "I would not wish to hurry you; but only on account of the countess, it would be better if you were not to meet her again."

"Do you mean not say good-bye to her?" asked Clara, like a child learning a lesson.

"Just so; I wish to avoid whatever might agitate her, by reminding her of — what we have lost. As soon as she has sufficiently recovered, and — all is over, I shall take her to Italy for the winter, but I am anxious that nothing should occur in the mean time to upset her, and you will understand that your presence —" here the count came to a standstill, counting on the intelligence of Fräulein Elsinger for deciphering the rest of the phrase. He felt that he had already needlessly gone out of his way in condescending to explain himself thus far. But the young German's obtuseness baffled him again as she repeated interrogatively, —

"My presence —"

"Will, of course, remind her painfully of our poor darling," he said rather testily. "And then, of course — we do not mean to reproach you; everything is in the hands of God — but the unfortunate chance which made you the indirect cause; the long row on the river, perhaps wet feet overlooked — But pray do not distress yourself" — as Clara showed signs of beginning to sob — "it can do no good now" — waving off her emotion with a half-impatient gesture, which seemed to say, "For mercy's sake let us keep to business, and spare me the exhibition of your private feelings, which can in no wise interest me."

"There is no use in dwelling on this painful subject," he resumed presently, "and I think there is nothing more to be said but for me to wish you a very prosperous journey. My manager will tell you the hours of the diligence, and will see that one of my carriages conveys you to the nearest post-station. He will arrange all details," and again Count Froloff tendered the large yellow envelope for her acceptance.

She took it this time mechanically, but still remained standing rooted to the spot, her large blue eyes wandering helplessly over the room, as though seeking for help somewhere.

"But, but," she stammered at last, "I had thought — I had hoped —"

"You had hoped?" repeated the nobleman, with freezing interrogation, while the



portraits of his distinguished ancestors frowning down from the wall, aristocratically supercilious, seemed to be asking the same question. "You had hoped? What? Of us? Are we not miles apart? What can we have in common?"

"Nothing," she said faintly, turning to leave the room, while Count Froloff held open the door for her with stately courtesy.

"Nothing," she repeated bitterly to herself, as she walked down the long gallery. "Of course, nothing! How could I ever have been fool enough to expect it!" The scales had fallen from her eyes and she wondered at her former simplicity. How was she ever foolish enough to believe that she could be for anything in the life of these great people? They had only valued her as a servant, a machine, and now that her services were no longer required they had cast her off like a worn-out glove, like a useless machine, without pausing to inquire whether the poor machine had any claim on their tenderness. Every one would tell her, no doubt, that her late employers had behaved honorably, even generously, towards her, and that she had no just ground for complaint. The yellow envelope she held in her hand, which felt so uncompromisingly hard and stiff, was ample remuneration for her services.

### III.

CLARA walked into the room which had been turned into a temporary *chapelle ardente*, and almost violently she flung down the wreath on to the bier; then, without a glance at the little dead child, she turned, and quickly ascending the staircase, re-entered her chamber and set about the preparations for her departure with feverish haste.

She would not tarry a day longer in this great house where there was no room for her, nor among these great people who would have nothing more in common with her, not even their grief. Her pride had been slow to wake up, but now, once roused, it would not go to sleep again. She felt as though every morsel she tasted in this house would choke her, as if the very roof which sheltered her were heavy and oppressive. A few minutes ago she would have been terrified at the notion of having to take a journey of many hundred miles unprotected, she who never yet in her life had travelled a mile alone. But now she had no room left for fear, and was only conscious of a burning desire to be gone.

She made all her preparations with breathless energy, and packed till late into the night, having arranged to depart at early dawn next morning.

When at last she rose to her feet, having just locked the solitary trunk which contained the whole of her not very extensive worldly possessions, it had struck eleven o'clock.

Clara contemplated her work with some satisfaction, and felt proud of herself, as a practical and experienced traveller. Oh, she felt quite equal to going all over the world alone, without protection. She was perfectly well able to take care of herself and avoid all the usual accidents which occur to timid or silly women. She took some pleasure in reviewing all those unpleasant possibilities which she meant to avoid by her prudence and energy. Firstly, murder, the most decidedly unpleasant of all the unpleasant contingencies which usually suggest themselves to timorous females. Unpleasant, certainly, but then so easy to be avoided, if only the unprotected female were careful not to step into the travelling compartment occupied by the mysterious villain, easy to be recognized by his coal-black beard and the false glitter of his dark eye, even if the dagger did not happen to be peeping out from under his cloak — nothing could in fact be simpler, and why dirty one's boots by walking into a puddle when there is a dry road alongside?

Secondly, there was robbery to be considered, not quite so easy to provide against, since pickpockets, in particular, she knew were in the habit of adopting all sorts of strange disguises, without any distinctive badge of their trade to mark them. But here again, after half a minute's reflection, the shrewd damsel discovered an infallible antidote to this evil. No one need really have their pocket picked unless they pleased. You had only to put your money — *not* in your pocket, but somewhere else; and with a smile of compassion for those unpractical people who allowed their pockets to be picked, Clara put her hand into hers in order to draw out the stiff yellow envelope containing her salary.

She had not thought of it since the moment Count Froloff had handed it over to her, and was somewhat dismayed to find her pocket empty. This was scarcely a promising beginning to the unprotected journey. She must either have dropped it in the gallery or left it below near the little coffin.

It was distasteful to Clara to have to

return to that room thus in the dead of night, but there was no other alternative; so, taking a taper-stand, she made the best of her way through the silent passages, feeling rather like a thief bound on some guilty errand.

The wax torches were still burning brightly round the little catafalque, and nodding in one corner was a drowsy domestic, who gazed at her with sleepy incomprehension as she proceeded to examine the flowers on the coffin. Her wreath lay half buried under newer and fresher garlands, adorned with richer bows of ribbon, offerings from wealthy neighbors which had been placed above hers. Even here she was not wanted, it seemed.

A minute's search, however, brought the yellow envelope to light, concealed in a fold of the draperies, and clutching it tightly in her hand, Clara stood still for a moment to take a last look at the dead child, which, bedded among that profusion of blossom, looked almost like another white flower.

It was a sweet little face she gazed upon, and Clara had dearly loved her little pupil; yet now, in the revulsion of wounded feeling which burned within her, she gazed at it coldly, almost hardly, and there were no tears in her eyes. Her jaundiced glance seemed to detect on those baby lips some shade of the same unapproachable *hauteur* she had seen on the father's face; the cold white forehead looked as icily proud as those of the canvas ancestors in the ballroom.

The incident with the money had given Clara something of a fright, as she reflected how terrible would have been her position had the money been really lost or stolen. What could she have done on finding herself destitute, so many hundred miles away from her home? She felt sure that she would rather have died than apply again to the cold, haughty, courteous master of the house. How to avoid a recurrence of this danger was her principal thought, as she regained her room and counted over the crisp bank-notes. She laid aside a portion of the money, just what would suffice for paying her expenses to K—, where she would reach the railway, and all her worst troubles would be over; but the bulk of her little fortune she wished to secure beyond all danger of loss or theft. Of course she would not put it in her trunk; boxes sometimes went astray, or were occasionally tampered with in Russia; then she passed all her articles of clothing in successive

review as suitable receptacles for the notes.

She had heard of people carrying about their money in the stocking, but this must be extremely uncomfortable, Clara thought; also sewing it into her stays, as bad heroines are often made to do in novels, was scarcely a pleasant idea; then her eyes fell on the travelling-clothes which lay ready on the bed—a grey merino cloak lined and trimmed with grey Astrachan fur, and with muff and cap to match. Might she not sew her money into the muff? or, better still, into the cap itself? for “a muff might be dropped or lost, whereas I could not well manage to lose my cap unless I lost my head as well,” she reflected.

Clara felt it to be almost a stroke of genius, as she unpicked the grey silk lining and introduced the precious notes into the opening. She need not take them out till she reached K—, where she was to rest one night, and in the mean time they were as safe as safe.

This fur suit, the only handsome article of dress she possessed, had been a present from Countess Froloff only some days previously. “You do not know our Russian winters, my dear,” she had said to the girl kindly. “You will require something warm to wrap yourself up with in our sledging parties.” This had been last week, and she had then felt like a daughter of the house almost, while now she was a poor outcast sent forth alone into the wide world.

#### IV.

Two days after his departure from St. Petersburg, Hugo Weyprecht found himself pacing the road at the entrance of a small country town, as he waited for the arrival of the diligence.

He had been dropped here by some other conveyance earlier in the day, for his mission had involved various stoppages and zigzaggings from off the main track, much bargaining and wrangling with cunning Jewish contractors or obtuse country bumpkins. Now he was about to take the regular diligence as far as K—, where his business was to terminate.

He was finding the time of waiting very long, for there was absolutely nothing in this filthy little town to attract even the passing notice of a stranger. The frost had somewhat relaxed, but the air was chill and the atmosphere dense with the presage of an approaching snowstorm, which, in the shape of a thick white mist, brooded over the place, obscuring the

view and giving to the nearest and commonest objects a far-off unreal appearance. Like the breath of some colossal monster it was floating everywhere in fleecy flakes, intangible and transparent, yet distorting each object within its range; giving to the stunted willows on either side of the road the guise of crooked spectres, and to the hooded crows flying homeward to roost the semblance of huge black griffins.

"We shall have snow before long," muttered the young man to himself. "If only the roads are not blocked up! It would be awkward to be delayed on the way, and I shall not breathe freely again till I have got rid of——" He did not finish the phrase, which he had spoken half aloud, for the sound of approaching bells had arrested his attention.

"The diligence at last!" he exclaimed with relief, as he distinguished a dark mass advancing towards him.

Fancifully unreal through the fog appeared the figures of three white horses, looking no more substantial than if formed of the floating mists around. But it was not the diligence Hugo Weyprecht recognized, as he stepped aside to let the phantom equipage pass by, but a small light open carriage in which reclined a single figure.

Hugo could only distinguish a vision of golden hair, very wide open blue eyes, and a slender youthful figure which like everything else seemed wrapped in curling grey mists, as she floated by. She looked like the queen of the mists herself.

So at least thought Hugo Weyprecht, as for full two minutes he stood staring open-mouthed at the retreating carriage. Then he began retracing his steps towards the post-house, in the faint hope of catching another glimpse of the beautiful vision. Evidently some great lady travelling in her own carriage, he thought, a Russian princess most likely, and he gave a sigh and then smiled a little at his own folly. What had he to do with Russian princesses? The chances were he would never in his life come across her again, and it could do him no good even to hear her name.

No harm either, he reflected a moment later, determined to put the question to the first person he met.

There was no need of so doing, however, for as he stepped into the untidy post-house courtyard, to his unbounded surprise there in the centre of the yard was the lady herself, standing beside a small black trunk. There was no sign

of either carriage or servants, apparently they had vanished into mist like Cinderella's fairy equipage.

Seen there at close quarters, she appeared less unreal but quite as lovely as she had done at first sight, even though her misty raiment now disclosed itself as grey merino and Astrachan fur.

As Hugo approached she was fumbling with the lock of her box, which had sprung open on the way.

"May I be allowed to assist you?" he ventured to ask in a very respectful tone.

The girl glanced quickly at him with an inquiring look.

"I do not speak Russian," she said, in her native language.

"But I am German also," cried Hugo, delighted to have found a bond of union between himself and this exquisite creature.

But his eager tone had alarmed her, and after scanning him for a moment with naïve suspicion, she coldly refused his offer of assistance.

"Thank you, I do not require any help; I can manage it very well alone."

"As you please," said Hugo discomfited, withdrawing from her side and returning to the open street, where in a state of considerable irritation he paced up and down smoking his cigar.

"Bah!" he exclaimed in disgust some ten minutes later, throwing away his weed. "Everything is bad in this wretched country; not even the cigars are passable!"

He re-entered the courtyard, studiously refraining from glancing at that slender figure in the grey fur jacket, and was about to enter the uncongenial bar-room, when an obviously artificial little cough caused him to turn and see her standing in a somewhat dejected attitude near the still unclosed trunk.

On her side she had been examining him furtively, and had come to the conclusion that he did not look so very dangerous.

"Mr. — Mr. — German," she began in some embarrassment, "I find I cannot get the lock to close after all. Perhaps I am not strong enough," she concluded with a sigh. She said no more, but her blue eyes were plainly asking him to help her now, and to forgive his former repulse.

It needed no more to make his ill-humor vanish, and directly he was at her side, bending down over the obstreperous lock, while sitting on the trunk she endeavored to weigh down the lid.

"I am afraid we must change parts," he

said a minute later, looking up laughingly into her eyes from his kneeling posture. "You are not near heavy enough," and taking her place, he easily got the obdurate lid to close, and the lock was firmly secured.

"Thank you," she said gravely, drawing on her gloves again and sitting down on the trunk.

"Shall you not catch cold out here?" now demanded Hugo, for he felt that the service he had rendered entitled him to pursue the acquaintance.

"But I cannot go inside that horrible room," she answered, shuddering. "It is so hot and stuffy, and there is such a dreadful noise, and the men look so rough. Besides, the diligence will be here directly."

The diligence! Was it possible that this dainty-looking creature was to be his travelling companion? Hugo felt his heart leap up strangely at the thought, but he still was puzzled as to her apparent isolation. What had become of her carriage and servants?

"The diligence?" he said interrogatively. "The diligence to K——? That is the one I am waiting for myself; but I fear you will find it very rough and uncomfortable, much more so than travelling in your own carriage."

"My own carriage!" she exclaimed, betrayed into momentary laughter, "Count Froloff's carriage, you mean! They were kind enough to send me this far," she continued bitterly, forgetting that she was speaking to a stranger. "And now I must just shift for myself as best I can. Of course it is nothing to them how I reach, or whether I ever reach, my home. But I am quite able to take care of myself," she said abruptly, drawing up into renewed reserve. "And — and I am not at all frightened."

Hugo smiled a little.

"Then the carriage I saw has left you here?"

"Yes, they just drove me into the yard, and put me down with my box as if I had been a bundle of wares myself, and then they turned and drove away to the inn at the other end of the town. Why should they have stayed? They are not my servants, and are not paid to wait on me."

Hugo Weyprecht now began to understand the state of the case. This was no great lady such as he had taken her for at first sight, but a simple girl of his own rank of life, a humble companion or governess apparently; and far from experiencing any sort of disappointment at the

discovery, he was only conscious of a great sense of relief.

At this moment the clumsy diligence rolled heavily into the yard, the jaded horses were replaced by less jaded ones, and ten minutes later the conveyance was ready to start.

v.

LOVE at first sight is no mere fevered invention of the poet's overheated brain, and despite the inrooted egoism of our terribly practical and matter-of-fact age, it is, I am inclined to believe, of far more frequent occurrence than is generally suspected. If, for instance, the victims — those suddenly stricken — could be registered statistically, we should, doubtless, find them greatly to outnumber those who are yearly struck dead by lightning. Modern science has furnished us with a means of resisting the fire of heaven in the shape of lightning-conductors, thanks to which many people are annually saved from an untimely end; but for that inward fire which, with equal and unexpected force, can strike a man surely but secretly to his heart's core, no lightning-conductor has yet been found.

Hugo Weyprecht wished for no lightning-conductor, and made not the slightest effort to struggle against his fate. From the first glimpse he had caught of Clara floating past him in the mist, he had felt drawn towards her as he had never felt drawn towards woman before, and by the time he had handed her into the diligence, he had quite made up his mind to win her for his wife if she could be won.

He never could have told himself what it was about her that had thus made of him her slave in a few minutes. It was not her beauty merely, for he had seen plenty more beautiful women, nor was it her childish helplessness, nor her equally childish assumption of independence, nor was it the ungraciousness with which she had at first repulsed him, nor yet the sweetness to which this had afterwards given way. Perhaps it was all of these taken together, or more probably it was because she was just herself and he was just himself, and that, therefore, whatever she had done or left undone would have appeared perfect in his eyes.

For something, no doubt, in this inevitable result may be reckoned the delightful surprise of meeting a countrywoman in an obscure corner of a strange land. The passionate, dark-eyed, over-colored beauties of the country had no charm for this serious young German, who, on first

beholding Clara's limpid eyes and soft flaxen tresses, felt as though, after a surfeit of lonely steppes and gloomy pine forests, he had again caught a glimpse of the laughing vineyards and blue Rhine waters of his beloved fatherland.

As for her — well, of course, no properly conducted damsel ever does fall in love at first sight. Such a thing is unheard of, and the lightning darts I spoke of can only be supposed to affect the coarser sex, just as in a forest of mixed trees the thunderbolt will always select the sturdy oak to fall upon, while it glides harmless betwixt the smooth beech stems.

Thus Clara, beech-like, considered herself intact, and hardly noticed how, in the course of the thirty-six hours they had travelled together, she had imperceptibly glided into intimacy with her countryman, and had unconsciously initiated him into all the little events of her uneventful life. She had told him all about her rather melancholy childhood, the dull home with a peevish old aunt, then her journey to Russia, the short bright summer with all its pleasures, and the sudden collapse of her hopes when her little pupil had died. The only thing she had not happened to mention to him as yet was about her money, not from any want of confidence, but simply because there had been no occasion for so doing.

They had had various other travelling companions for short stages at a time — two old ladies, an invalid gentleman with a servant, a friar, a fat horsedealer, and some nuns; but these had all successively dropped off, and on the second morning Hugo and Clara were the only inside occupants of the stage-coach.

"How easy travelling is after all!" she exclaimed thoughtlessly. "By this evening we shall be at K—, in sight of the railway, and after that it will be all plain sailing. Do you know," she added, in a more confidential tone, "that I was actually frightened beforehand at the idea of this journey?"

"Yes, I know you were afraid," answered Hugo quietly, "and I will tell you something else; you could not just at first make up your mind as to whether I were a robber, or merely a harmless individual."

Clara laughed somewhat guiltily.

"What made you think that?"

"Then it is true, is it not?"

"Perhaps," she admitted; "but who told you?"

"Nobody. I don't always require to be told things," said Hugo in the same tone. "I know a great many things about you

that you have never told me. At least, not with your lips."

"You lay claim to be all-knowing — to guess people's thoughts?"

"I did not speak of people," he replied with emphasis. "I only spoke about *you*. I have never tried to guess the thoughts of another woman."

He spoke so earnestly that Clara felt herself coloring under the directness of his gaze. In her embarrassment she made an effort to turn off the subject.

"At any rate, I am not quite as transparent as you seem to think. I can keep secrets when I choose. For instance, I will lay any wager that you do not know where I have put my money?"

"Will you give me three guesses, as in the fairy tale of Rumpelstiltskin?"

"Oh, yes; thirty guesses if you like," laughed Clara. "I am quite safe."

"I only ask for three; and what will be my reward if I guess correctly?"

"You will never guess; besides, I have no rewards to give."

"You have something to give," said Hugo very low. "But I am willing to take my chance and trust to your generosity. Let me see, the money is in your trunk hidden under a false bottom."

Clara shook her head.

"In the sole of your left boot," said Hugo, after some apparent meditation.

"Wrong again," she cried. "Now for the last guess."

Then, without preparation, he quickly said, "It is in your fur cap. I knew it all along."

Clara now stared at him dumfounded. It was not that she had any objection to his knowing her secret, for, had he failed to guess, she was on the point of telling him herself. Besides, he looked so upright, so honest, that she was beginning to feel herself ready to trust him with something far more precious than gold. But that he should have guessed her secret appeared to her little short of supernatural, for she did not know that every lover is a magician, and that his eyes are all-seeing.

"How could you have known?"

"Nothing simpler," said Hugo, smiling a little at her consternation. "I noticed how very careful you always were to make sure that your fur cap was firmly secured on your head, and that you never by any chance laid it aside for a minute, even when resting in the heated inn parlor. In your sleep, too, you never forgot it, and instinctively put up your hand to feel if it were safe whenever the carriage jolted."



"And I thought I had hidden it so well," said Clara ruefully. "And now it seems that every one has guessed my secret."

"Hardly that. You may make your mind easy that your fur cap is the last place in which robbers will think of looking for money. No one is likely to study you as closely as I have done, and yet" — he continued with a sigh — "there is one thing I have not yet succeeded in guessing. Would that I had indeed the power to guess your thoughts!"

Clara made no answer. She was playing nervously with the shabby green tassel of the window, and looking out on to the snowy landscape with unseeing eyes. Presently, however, feeling that this silence was growing too significant, she turned round again to her companion, and with a rather obvious effort at lightness she said, —

"Well, since you affect to be all-knowing, perhaps you can likewise name the exact amount of money my head is at present worth?"

"How can I put a price upon what is priceless?"

"Nonsense," said Clara petulantly, feeling provoked with herself for not being more mistress of the situation, for try as she would to be evasive everything she said seemed only to drive the conversation more surely into one momentous groove. "That is not what I mean, but what is the amount of the fortune I carry inside my cap? Can you tell me that?"

"Well, no," replied Hugo. "Here I must confess myself worsted at last, for even if you are transparent, grey fur is not, and so it may just as well be hundreds as thousands, or else glittering diamonds, which are sewed into your cap. Only if they are diamonds" — he added laughing — "they must be very hard and uncomfortable, and are likely to give you a headache if their value is something very overpowering."

Clara now laughed also in her former natural manner, forgetting the momentary embarrassment.

"Well, no, there is not much danger of my head ever being bowed down beneath the weight of Koh-i-noors," she answered, removing the cap and turning the lining upwards. "Seven hundred roubles in paper money; perhaps not very much to some people, but they are all I have or am ever likely to possess. See here; I ripped up the lining at one side and have distributed the notes all round the edge, so as to avoid any appearance of thick-

ness. Do you see? Is it not neatly done?"

"Very neatly indeed," said Hugo, but he was looking more at the uncovered wealth of her golden plaits than at the grey fur cap as he said it.

"And you think the money is safe?"

"As safe as in the Bank of England," he returned. "Not a soul will ever suspect if you do not choose to enlighten them."

Clara gave a little sigh of satisfaction as she resettled the cap on her head.

After a pause Hugo resumed: —

"Why did you say just now that it was easy to travel alone?"

"Because it is easy."

"You have never tried. You are not alone."

"Not alone?"

"Well, no, unless you are cruel enough to count me for nothing. Am I, indeed, nothing?"

Nothing! Clara suddenly remembered that he had been everything and done everything ever since they started. He was so thoughtful and quicksighted in anticipating her wants and comforts, in guessing all her wishes, that she had hardly noticed it, and had grown already to feel his protection as quite natural and as a matter of course. She had not thought about it till now, and all at once she began to perceive what it really meant.

Her heart was beating very fast, for she felt that a crisis was at hand. She hardly knew whether the sensation was pleasant or the reverse, and was only conscious of a girlish shrinking, which made her wish to put it off at all events. Not to-day, not just now, not in this dreadful jolting vehicle. How could she think clearly and know her own mind while the rough motion of the diligence seemed to be jumbling up all her thoughts together?

"But you are you, and I am I," she began, rather lamely trying to ward off what she dreaded. "I mean that it is only by chance that we have been travelling together. You have been very kind, I know, for you are not obliged to take care of me." But, in her innocent confusion, Clara had just conjured up the very danger she was trying to avoid.

Hugo seized her hand, which, after a weak resistance, remained in his.

"But if I desire no greater happiness than to take care of you through life? If my only hope, my only wish is to be allowed —"

The heavy jolting vehicle here came suddenly to a standstill, and the guard

putting in his head at the window startled them by the information that the diligence could not possibly get up the next hill unless lightened of its occupants.

Hugo had speedily dropped the young girl's hand, and jumped out determined to bully, or if necessary beat, the driver into proceeding, but a glance at the scene showed him that this was no imaginary difficulty.

So engrossed had they been with each other's society during the last hour of the drive, that neither of the coach inmates had perceived the change which had come over the landscape. The snow had been getting deeper and deeper as they proceeded, and now the horses had come to a standstill, unable to drag the unwieldy vehicle any further uphill. There was nothing for it but to get out and perform the ascent on foot, and Hugo found himself obliged to lend his assistance in pushing the carriage from behind. Luckily there was a village, or rather a wretched hamlet, at the top of the hill, and here, within the dirty kitchen of the rustic pot-house, our travellers were forced to take refuge along with coachmen, peasants, servants, and such like objectionable individuals.

Great was their consternation when they were informed that the diligence could not possibly proceed further that day. This early fall of snow had surprised them all before the sledge stage-coaches had been got into working order, and a wheeled vehicle could not possibly work its way through the snowdrift which encumbered the road in advance. The diligence coming from the opposite direction had been brought up in the same manner, and was likewise waiting its release some miles ahead.

"How far is it to K——?" asked Hugo.

"About eight hours when the road is clear, but in this weather out of the question. The gentfolk will have to stay here over night."

"Impossible!" cried Clara, looking ready to cry. "We cannot stay in this dreadful hole an hour longer. Is there no other way of getting on?"

A very unprepossessing Jew with red hair and a squint now stepped forward and joined the conversation. Hugo had meanwhile left the room to reconnoitre for more congenial quarters.

"Yes, gracious lady, there is another way. By leaving the highroad and taking a sledge you can be at K—— this evening. There is a country track which will

take you there far quicker than the diligence could have done."

"I knew it;" cried Clara triumphant. "Have you got a sledge, and can you drive us?"

"How should old Isaac not have a sledge, my pretty lady? As good a sledge as you can wish to see. I am going to drive a gentleman to K—— to-day; we shall start in an hour, and if the lady chooses to go with us there is plenty room."

Hugo, soon after returning to the room, was surprised and not overpleased to find Clara in deep conversation with the ill-looking Hebrew.

"It is all settled," she called out to him gleefully, and she gave the gist of what the Jew had told her.

"But the road you speak of leads through a deep forest, does it not?" said Hugo, consulting his map. He did not appear to be altogether delighted with the scheme.

"A forest, noble gentleman? Only a few trees there may be, perhaps. And what if there is a forest? The snow will be less deep in the wood, and the wind less cold. May my body be burned in eternal fires if the road be not a good one."

"Yes, yes," said Clara impatiently, "it is all right; let us have the sledge by all means."

"I beseech of you, Fräulein, to let me speak a few words to you alone, before deciding," said Hugo in a low voice; "I have something important to say to you."

But Clara, feeling sure that she knew what it was he was about to say, feigned not to understand.

"No, no, what is the use of delay, let us decide at once; if we lose our time we shall not arrive by daylight."

"But indeed it would be better to wait for the diligence to-morrow. It would be ever so much more comfortable and more safe," urged Hugo with a last effort at dissuading her.

"More safe!" said Clara scornfully. "What can happen to us in a sledge? The worst can only be an upset, and that is nothing in the snow."

"Perhaps the gentleman is afraid of wolves," put in the Jew facetiously. "See, see! the beautiful young lady is by far the best man of the two, she is not afraid."

Hugo merely shrugged his shoulders, as though it were not worth while to assert his valor before such vermin, and merely said,—

"I have got my revolver, which will be

answer enough for either wolf or man who comes in my way; but, all the same, I am of opinion that it would be wiser to wait for the diligence to-morrow."

"No, no," said Clara, slightly nettled at his obstinacy on this point, and perhaps flattered by her courage being praised even by a ragged Hebrew. "I have quite made up my mind. I shall go by the sledge, at all events. You can do as you please; I told you I was able to travel alone," she finished playfully.

A very attentive observer might have fancied that a shade of something, either displeasure or disappointment, had passed over the red-haired Jew's face at mention of the revolver, but whatever it may have been it was gone instantly, as he glided from the room with obsequious alacrity to get ready the sledge.

---

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MRS. CRAIK.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"FRIEND after friend departs." It is one of the most painful circumstances of life when on the decline to see dropping upon the way from time to time another and another well-known figure. The young, too, lose their brethren and comrades now and then, but the effect is different. The slow disappearance one by one of contemporaries and companions, the tendency towards the grave which has set in drawing us with it, the growing solitude in which we move, make us realize better than anything else that our cycle of life is rounding to its close.

A month ago, or little more, the present writer sat on a lovely terrace shaded by great trees overlooking the beautiful, placid Derwentwater Lake, which lay smiling as if it had never known a storm — talking with Mrs. Craik of a tragedy, the occurrence of a moment, which had desolated the house behind us. We spoke with tears and hushed voices of the story never to be dissociated from that peaceful scene. One young man arriving gaily on an unexpected visit; the other, the young host, receiving him with cordial welcome and pleasure; the sudden suggestion of an expedition on the water, to which the little inland storm gave all the greater zest. And then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all over, and the lake under the mother's windows become the death-scene of her only son. It seems strange that almost the next thing heard

of her was the fatal news, that she, so tenderly sympathetic, so full of maternal instincts that every mother's grief seemed her own, had almost as suddenly entered the presence of her Maker, and left her own home desolate. But not by any violent way, thank heaven; not in pain or horror, but tranquilly, sweetly, as became her life, without any lengthened preliminaries, in the manner she had desired, and as a kindred soul has sung:—

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Then steal away, give little warning;  
Choose thine own time,  
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter  
clime  
Bid me Good-morning.

So was the gentle spirit of Dinah Craik liberated from mortal cares, as many like her have prayed to be.

This is no time or place to speak of her work, which will no doubt have a variety of criticisms and interpretations; but about herself there is no conflict of testimony, and it is of herself her friends are thinking — her friends who are endless in number throughout all the three kingdoms, and reckoned in crowds less known and further off, to whom she has been familiar as a household word. To recall a little the actual look and aspect of a woman so widely known, yet so little of a public personage, so indisposed to put her own personality forward, is all that a friend can do.

We were contemporaries in every sense of the word; the beginning of her work preceding mine a little, as her age did — so little as scarcely to tell at all. We were both young when we made acquaintance; she a slim, tall maiden, always surrounded by a band of other ambitious and admiring girls, of whom and of whose talents and accomplishments she had always tales to tell with an enthusiasm not excited by any success of her own. And yet even at this early period her literary gifts had received much acknowledgment. The early part of her life (she was but twenty-three at the time of her first important publication, but her independent career had begun long before) had been full of trial and of that girlish and generous daring which makes a young, high-spirited woman the most dauntless creature in creation. I do not know the facts of the story, but only its tenor vaguely, which was that, her mother being as she thought untenderly treated by a father —

a man of brilliant attainments—whose profession of extreme Evangelical religiousness was not carried out by his practice—the young Dinah, in a blaze of love and indignation, carried that ailing and delicate mother away, and took in her rashness the charge of the whole family, two younger brothers, upon her own slender shoulders, working to sustain them in every way that presented itself, from stories for the fashion books to graver publications. She had gone through some years of this feverish work before her novel, “The Ogilvies,” introduced her to a wider medium and to higher possibilities. Her mother, broken in spirit and in health, had died, as well, I think, as the elder of the two brothers, before I knew her; but the story was told among her friends, and thrilled the hearer with sympathy and admiration. That first struggle was over, along with the dearest cause of it, before Dinah Mulock was at all known to the world, or to most of those who have held her dear in her later life. If there are any memorials of it left, it would no doubt form a most attractive chapter among the many records of early struggles. The young heroic creature writing her pretty juvenile nonsense of love and lovers, in swift, unformed style, as fast as the pen could fly, to get bread for the boys and a little soup and wine for the invalid over whose deathbed she watched with impassioned love and care—what a tragic, tender picture, to be associated by ever so distant a link with inane magazines of the fashions and short-lived periodicals unknown to fame! No doubt she must have thought sometimes how far her own unthought-of troubles exceeded those of her Edwins and Angelinas. But she was always loyal to love, and perhaps this reflection did not cross her mind. There was no longer any mother when I first knew her, but only the bevy of attendant maidens aforesaid, and a brother, gifted but not fortunate, in the background, who appeared and disappeared, always much talked of, tenderly welcomed, giving her anxieties, much grudged and objected to by her friends, but never by herself; and she was then a writer with a recognized position, and well able to maintain it.

Little parties, pleasant meetings, kind visits at intervals, form a succession of pretty scenes in my recollection of her at this period. Involved in household cares, and the coming and alas! going of little children, I had no leisure for the constant intercourse which youthful friendship de-

mands; but she was always the centre of an attached group, to which her kind eyes, full of the glamor of affection, attributed the highest gifts and graces. They were all a little literary—artists, musicians, full of intellectual interests and aspirations, and taking a share in all the pleasant follies, as well as wisdoms of their day. Spiritualism had made its first invasion of England about that time, and some families of the circle in which Miss Mulock lived were deeply involved in it. One heard of little drawings which a friend had received of the home in heaven from one of her infants lately departed there, and how the poor little scribbling consoled the sorrowful mother; along with many other wondrous tales, such as have been repeated periodically since, but then were altogether novel; and these early undeveloped *stances* formed sometimes part of the evening entertainments in the region where then we all lived, in the north of London towards Camden Town—regions grown entirely unknown now as if they were in Timbuctoo. Miss Mulock had a little house in a little street, full of pretty things, as pretty things were understood before the days of Heilbronner and Liberty, with all her little court about her. She sang very sweetly, with great taste and feeling, a gift which she retained long; and wrote little poesies which used to appear in *Chambers's Journal*, one in each weekly part; and knew a great many “nice people,” and fully enjoyed her modest youthful fame, which was the climax of so much labor and pain, and her peaceful days. I don't know who her publisher had been for her first books, but she was (as is not unusual) dissatisfied with the results; and when “John Halifax” was about to be finished, she came to my house, and met, at a small dinner-party convened for that purpose, my friend Henry Blackett, another of the contemporary band who has long ago passed away, along with his still more dear and charming wife. They made friends at once, and her great book was brought into the world under his care—the beginning of a business connection which, notwithstanding her subsequent alliance with a member of another firm, was maintained to a late period, a curious instance of her fidelity to every bond.

This great book, which finally established her reputation, and gave her her definite place in literature, had then been for some time in hand. I am permitted to quote the following pretty account of various circumstances connected with its

beginning from the notes of Mr. Clarence Dobell.

In the summer of 1852 she one day drove over with me to see the quaint old town of Tewkesbury. Directly she saw the grand old abbey and the mediæval houses of the High Street she decided that this should form the background of her story, and like a true artist fell to work making mental sketches on the spot. A sudden shower drove us into one of the old covered alleys opposite the house, I believe, of the then town clerk of Tewkesbury, and as we stood there a bright-looking but ragged boy also took refuge at the mouth of the alley, and from the town clerk's window a little girl gazed with looks of sympathy at the ragged boy opposite. Presently the door opened, and the girl appeared on the steps, and beckoned to the boy to take a piece of bread, exactly as the scene is described in the opening chapters of John Halifax. We had lunch at the Bell Inn, and explored the bowling-green, which also is minutely and accurately described, and the landlord's statement that the house had once been used by a tanner, and the smell of tan which filled the streets from a tanyard not far off, decided the trade which her hero was to follow.

She made one or two subsequent visits further to identify her background, and the name of her hero was decided by the discovery of an old gravestone in the abbey churchyard, on which was inscribed "John Halifax." She had already decided that the hero's Christian name must be John, but the surname had been hitherto doubtful.

Thirty-four years after, in the course of the present autumn, Mrs. Craik made another expedition in the same faithful company to a spot so associated with her fame, and once more lunched at the Bell, where the delighted landlady, on being informed who her visitor was, told with pride that in the summer "hundreds of visitors, especially Americans, came to Tewkesbury, not so much to see the town and abbey, as to identify the scenery of 'John Halifax.'" Better still, however, than this are the words in which she expresses to her companion and correspondent the pleasure this visit gave her. "Our visit was truly happy," she says, "especially the bright day of Tewkesbury, where my heart was very full, little as I showed it. It wasn't *the book*: that I cared little about. It was the feeling of thirty-four years of faithful friendship through thick and thin."

Mrs. Craik's marriage took place in 1865, and rendered her completely happy. It was the fashion of our generation — a fashion perhaps not without drawbacks, though we have been unanimous in it — that whatever our work for the public

might be, our own homes and personal lives were to be strictly and jealously private, and our pride to consist, not in our literary reputation, which was a thing apart, but in the household duties and domestic occupations which are the rule of life for most women. Perhaps there was a little innocent affectation in this studious avoidance of all publicity. It is not the weakness of this day; but we who are now the seniors still prefer it to the banal confidences now so often made to public curiosity in newspapers and elsewhere. No such invasion of her privacy was ever permitted by Mrs. Craik. Her life became larger and fuller after her marriage, as was meet and natural. The days of the little houses at Camden Town or Hampstead were over; but not the friends, who moved with her wherever she moved, always surrounding her with faithful admiration and regard. Not even the closer ties of a home in which she filled the place of wife and mother disturbed these earlier bonds. She became known in her own locality as a new centre of pleasant society and life, always hospitable, kind, full of schemes to give pleasure to the young people who were her perennial interest, and always fondly attached to the old who had been the companions of her life. Her interest in youth no doubt blossomed all the more in the much-cared for development of her Dorothy, the adopted daughter on whom she lavished the abundance of her heart; but the instinct was always strong in her, making her the natural confidant, adviser, patron saint of girls, from the time when she was little older than her devotees. Her more recent writings have been the records of simple journeyings taken as the guide and leader of such enthusiastic and cheerful groups. She was surrounded by her bevy of maidens in Cornwall, in the house-boat on the Thames in which so many pleasant days were passed, and still more lately in Ireland, where the gentle company travelled, like a mother with her daughters. On the occasion to which I have referred, my last meeting with her in the Lake country, she and her husband had the unflinching attendance of two of these voluntary maids of honor.

During these latter years she has not written very much, not at least with the constant strain of some of her contemporaries whose lot has fallen in less pleasant places, but yet has never relinquished the labors she loved. In earlier days she received from the queen that only mark of public approval which is possible to the professors of literature — a small pension,



about which there is a little explanation to make. It has been remarked by at least one ungracious commentator that the pension granted to Miss Mulock was unsuitable, being quite unnecessary, to Mrs. Craik. For my own part I should think it needless to reply to this, for the reason above said, that it is according to our traditions the only recognition ever given to a writer. But I am asked to say that though Mrs. Craik, when her husband suggested the relinquishment of this small pension, preferred to retain it for this and other reasons, it was, from the period of her marriage, religiously set aside for those in her own walk of literature who needed it more than herself. Her Majesty has no star or order with which to decorate the writers she approves. It is the only symbol by which it may be divined that literature is of any value in the eyes of the State.

There remains little more to say, unless indeed I were at liberty to enter much more fully into a beautiful and harmonious life. For some time past Mrs. Craik had been subject to attacks, not sufficient to alarm her family, who had been accustomed to the habitual delicacy of health, which was yet combined with much elasticity of constitution and power of shaking off complaints even when they seemed more serious. Her medical advisers had enjoined a great deal of rest, with which the pleasant cares of an approaching marriage in the family, and all the necessary arrangements to make the outset of her adopted daughter in life as bright and delightful as possible, considerably interfered. In one attack of breathlessness and faintness some short time before, she had murmured forth an entreaty that the marriage should not be delayed by anything that could happen to her. But even this did not frighten the fond and cheerful circle, which was used to nothing but happiness. On the morning of the twelfth of October, her husband, before going off to his business, took a loving leave of her, almost more loving than his wont, though without any presentiment, — provoking a laughing remark from their daughter, to which Mrs. Craik answered that though so long married, they were still lovers. These were the last words he heard from her lips, and no man could have a more sweet assurance of the happiness his tender care had procured. When he came home cheerfully in the afternoon to his always cheerful home, the sight of the doctor's carriage at the door, and the coachman's incautious explanation that "the lady was dying,"

were the only preparations he had for the great and solemn event which had already taken place. He found her in her own room, lying on her sofa, with an awe-stricken group standing round — dead. She had entertained various visitors in the afternoon. Some time after they were gone, she had rung her bell, saying she felt ill; the servants, alarmed, called for assistance, and she was laid upon the sofa. A few minutes' struggle for breath, a murmur, "Oh, if I could live four weeks longer; but no matter — no matter!" and all was over. Thus she died as she had lived — her last thought for others, for the bride whose festival day must be overshadowed by so heavy a cloud, yet of content and acquiescence in whatever the supreme arbiter of events thought right. An ideal ending such as God grant us all, when our day comes.

Her fame may well be left to the decision of posterity, which takes so little thought of contemporary judgments. It is for us the sweet and spotless fame of a good and pure woman full of all tenderness and kindness, very loving and much beloved. The angels of God could not have more.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
DORIS.

DORIS is dead — really dead! Not "dead ere her prime," for she had known the glories of more than seventy summers, and the blaze of their sunlight had not tanned her cheek nor much dimmed the fire of her glowing eye. Grown men and women who had all their lives felt a shrinking fear of Doris found it hard to believe that she had verily and indeed breathed her last. The immense, exuberant vitality of the woman, her audacity, her wicked joyousness, her ready, caustic tongue, her terrible beauty, her immeasurable self-reliance, had made her name and her presence a dread to little children in our streets and lanes. "Somehow we were all afraid of Doris years ago," men say; "we got out of her way; we ran and hid from her. Is she really dead?" Yes, dead at last! Even Doris.

I am — I know not how or why — I am constrained to speak of Doris. Why have great painters, time and again, taken brush in hand and — fascinated, *possessed*, by some ghastly image that would not pass from them night or day — found no rest till they put the haunting face upon the

canvas, left it there to awake a shudder of horror or disgust for all who should gaze hereafter upon it? Who of us has not felt angered now and then by such ghastly pictures — I need not name them — and found himself exclaiming, "This is too revolting; it is the prostitution of art"? Well! if the artist used his skill merely to display to us a *tour de force*, he was guilty of a crime; at any rate that is what I hold to be true. But if he could not choose but get rid of the phantoms that would rise up and stay and glare at him, scowling, threatening, making mows at him and ceasing not; if there was no hope, no help for it; if with their dumb insistence they demanded to be shown to a vulgar crowd; if he knew and felt in the depths of him that all visions of loveliness and peace were lost to him till this dream of horror and villany were hurled out of the way by being fixed in color and form, and so sent from him — what shall we say then? Do you think that Velasquez, when he painted that awful picture of the scourging of the Man of Sorrows that hangs in our national gallery, could have felt any joy as the overwhelming dreadfulness of his work grew into ever more and more ghastly distinctness? Do you think that Ezekiel's cheek was not of a deadly pallor, or that his knees smote not one against the other, when he stared with parted lips and wide-open eyes at the dead men's bones that lay in the valley, and saw them, heard them, coming together bone to his bone? He did not *choose* to go upon that dread errand; the hand of the Lord was upon him, and carried him there whether he would or no.

You poets, how I envy you! Men *forgive you*, applaud *you*, render *you* almost adoring thanks for your utterances because you sing to them in your majestic verse, sweet, strong, all harmony; because you sweep the strings which we of the common herd can never touch without a discord. And yet for us, the beasts of burden of common prose, because we have no wings and cannot soar to your empyrean, we are told to know our place and never, never to step out of our sphere. You ride in your chariots of fire; we must keep between the shafts of the carts and wains that lumber along the common roads of the common world. Yet I cannot choose but write of Doris!

Doris was born at Nestané. Let that suffice. At Nestané there stands, or there stood a little while ago, a windmill, and, before this century began, the miller who had worked it had risen to be its owner.

He prospered after a fashion — a shrewd, sagacious, grasping man, tradition says. He had a son and daughter. The son was a riotous, dissipated rake. The miller was growing old; the son broke his father's heart, spent his money, robbed him. The old man moped, grew morbid, half silly, mortgaged his little property, the mill, some few acres here and there, a row of houses at Tegea. What was the daughter doing? I gather that she was a high-spirited, passionate lass, full-blooded, impetuous, with a restless soul. She held things together. Why should she not manage the mill? She kept the books and drew up the accounts as it was. No sooner, however, had she contrived to get things straight at this point or at that, and money matters were beginning to look brighter again, than that hulking brother of hers would stroll in, bully and cajole the whimpering old father, and make off with the last little hoard — the sot! It was unbearable. She would marry the first man that asked her, come what might.

There was a jaunty young shoemaker in the next village, tall and strong. In those days there was a small settlement of shoemakers at Phæzen, the next parish to Nestané. The little row of four shanties (one room above, one below, in neither of which can a tall man stand up with his hat on) still stands where it did, and as it did, nearly a hundred years ago; the four shanties still hold four families, one of them a family of nine, three grown men, two grown women, five growing boys and girls, the youngest ten years old. The shoemakers were all in full work, and in the employment of a master shoemaker who took small contracts for the shopkeepers at Megalopolis. Jaunty Jem was a good workman, stuck to his last, and was an average sort of rustic.

"Folks say as you'll marry the first man as asks you. Will you marry me?" The girl was in a fury when Jem came to her in this straightforward fashion; her brother had just slunk away with another haul from the old man's purse, which purse his daughter had only managed to fill the day before. How would it end? "Marry you? You can't write your name. I know you well enough. I want a husband to help me keep the mill. You'd be no good. And yet —" She hesitated and was lost. She thought, "Jem is a proper man. I'll teach him to read and write — it'll keep him at home o' nights; he'll take to milling. Oh, heart of mine, how it beats! shall I give it to Jaunty Jem?"

So they were married. Alas! Things went on worse and worse. Jem grew idle; the lonely life of the mill bored him; the old father's drivel he could not away with. He took to deeper and more frequent potations of beer. Doris was born, then other children came. What would not many a peer give for such babies as they, heavy as the cubs of a lioness, noisy, strong, and dauntless, but with appetites that were frightful! One day the old miller, sitting in his chair "among the gooseberry bushes," as Doris said, was more than ordinarily restless and querulous. He would see his *peeypers* — the lawyers had not got them all, not they; he had still something he could call his own. They brought him a box full of small conveyances. He could not read a word of them, not he; but he mumbled out that they were damp, they must be dried. Fingering them in a drivelling way, one by one, as he sat in the sunshine, nothing would do but he must have them spread out upon the gooseberry bushes. There they stuck crinkling in the noon-day. Doris remembered it. Suddenly a wind arose — a whirlwind. The parchments were tossed up by the squall hither and thither, a wondrous sport to the chubby children, a quite extraordinary game of kite-flying. Doris had a notion that this was the ruin of grandfather, some suspicion that the lawyers had got hold of their *peeypers* — not without help of the devil, the tutelary deity and favorer of lawyers.

A few days after this the miller died. There was no will, but the old man had made over the row of houses, aforesaid, to Mrs. Jem, and all that was left — mill and lands, heavily encumbered — came to the brother. What was the end of the brother? "Lawk, I don't know; and what's more, I don't care; why should I?" said Doris. Why need we care?

Farewell to the mill. Jaunty Jem took his wife and four sturdy toddlers to Tegea "to look after the property," as he phrased it, and to soak himself in beer. He had occasional fits of industry, but the drink took hold of him. The unhappy wife and mother had a sad life of it, sinking deeper and deeper — she was quite beaten at last, all the spirit in her crushed. Only one pathetic scene had fixed itself in Doris's memory. She had never learnt to read, but the mother had kept one relic of the old prosperity, which she clung to, I know not why. It was a book, and a big one.

"Possible you might have a history of England?" said Doris to me abruptly, a

year or so ago. Yes, I had such a work. "Ah! so had my mother. It was a great big book, as big as that table. I remember when she hadn't much else — for 'most all the furniture and sich was gone — she used to show it us of a Sunday. There was a sight of *gays* [illustrations] in that there great book, and she'd tell us about 'em. I mind one day she was showing 'em to us, and I looked up and she was a-crying. 'What are you a-crying for, mother?' says I, and she never said not a word, but she shut the great history book, as she used to call it. I never heard what became of that great book. That was all the learning we had!"

Jaunty Jem's career was not a long one. One day, when Doris was just fourteen, Jem rolled into the gutter, staggered out, lurched against a loaded cart, which passed over him, crawled home, and next day Mrs. Jem was a ragged widow, with eight ragged, shoeless children, hungry, defiant, and clamorous, demanding victuals. Without more ado they were bundled off to the workhouse. Such a workhouse! I pass it frequently. It is a ramshackle block, now divided into six or eight tenements, looking picturesquely squalid, noisome, and filthy. Slums you people of the towns call them. It is always a subject of not unspoken thankfulness to the Great Disposer of our paths that that dreary old workhouse is outside the boundaries of my parish.

Doris was now fourteen. She was at once apprenticed by the parish authorities to somebody who wanted a maid-of-all-work. Note that this was about sixty years ago. The girl was started in life, with the scantiest of wardrobes, but probably more clothes on her back than she had worn for years. She made a good servant, they say. With her prodigious energy, quickness, and intelligence she could never be idle; but, let her mistress have been what she might, Doris must have been a "handful." Before she had been at her place six months, master and mistress left her in the house with the children to see to. It was winter time. There had been heavy snow; now there was a sloppy thaw. There were troops of gaunt, lean men out of work, begging from door to door. One of them stopped at Doris's door. "Doris! I'm almost dropping; you know me; look at my arms!" The starving wretch was a limping skeleton. The girl dashed into the house, snatched a loaf from the cupboard, thrust it into the bony hand, and burst into a storm of furious railing against all things

in heaven and earth. The children were frightened; and to add to the horror of the incident (from their point of view) they were put upon short commons till their parents' return. Then there was a scene. "Take my children's bread and give it to a tramp?" Doris recriminated; her young blood was up. "Thief," was she? "God's wrath upon you, skinflints that you are! Give the brats stones to suck once a day in these cruel times; they'll be none the worse. But let the fathers that earn the bread starve? Never!" Would she promise never to do it again? Not she. Jail! Who cares for jail? They might as well have tried to deal with *Ætna* in eruption. The lava stream of glowing speech went billowing on, carrying all before it. Passion rouses passion, and the weaker and the beaten of two combatants is for the most part the most vindictive and implacable. The end of it was that Doris was carried before the magistrates, and sent for a month to Swaffham Bridewell.

Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind. Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!

Swaffham Bridewell — that's a real name this time. I was going to call it Pandemonium, but that would have been a poor feeble word for the thing signified. Twenty years or so before this time Howard had paid a visit to Swaffham Bridewell. This is what he found there: —

Three rooms below; one of which, a lodging-room for men, is too close (10 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 9 inches); a work-room, 17 feet by 15, but no employment; and four rooms above. Court enlarged, now 28 feet square, but no pump. . . . Keeper's salary, 16*l.*, and twenty shillings a year for straw. Clauses against spirituous liquors hung up; license for beer. . . . Prisoners, eleven, *including the lunatic*.

One pound per annum allowed for providing straw for all the prisoners. The court — in which alone the wretched jail birds could exercise their wasted limbs for a few minutes at a time, by special grace of the keeper, salaried at 16*l.* a year — when *enlarged* measured twenty-eight feet square; and no pump. The howling lunatic — the ruffians in their fetters — the filth — the blasphemy — the ferocity — the despair. Think of it! Did "their Dante of the dread Inferno" ever image a horribler den than this?

Six or seven years ago, when the Salvationists were strong and vociferous in Tegea, a band of them marching down

the street met Doris as she was trudging along jocund and contemptuous. "You're a-going to hell! You're a-going to hell!" cried voice after voice, and the *mænad* who led the motley procession stopped her walking backwards, faced about, and halted. The very drummer held his hand and ceased his thumping. "You're a-going to hell! You're a-going to hell! Doris! you're a-going to hell!" echoed again and again. Doris stood still, and the twinkle in her laughing eye meant anything but fear. "Hell! What do you know about hell, ye sillies? I've been in hell, I have — spent a month there fifty years ago. Sin' I got out, many's the time I've danced all night and larked all day, and I'd do it again now if I could. Hell? Go on wi' you! wi' your drumming and your bunning, and your tootling! That there hell's been pulled down sin' I was there. *You* ain't a-going to build that up again — for all your fal-lals. Go on wi' you!"

Dreadful gleams of the after life were flashed upon me now and then. Doris would now and then drop a hint or something more. The old people too have sometimes told me scraps of their reminiscences in a shy, shamefaced way. What staggered them, almost frightened them, was the glaring, irresistible beauty of the woman — her immeasurable force — her masterful, insolent fluency — her never-failing wit and drollery. "She was a wicked woman!" says one; "leastways folks said so. But lawk! I dunno much about her. Early or late she was gay as a peacock. Seemed as if no one never saw her what you may call *down*. She was that fresh-colored as I've heard say she never blushed and she never blenched. She might ha' married a dozen on 'em; but no! she couldn't abide being bound. When she took up wi' Joe Bickers she'd found her master, but she'd never marry him. Beautiful? Well! I don't understand that. But she was that handsome as she was a wonder to look at." My predecessor in this benefice tried hard to induce her to marry Joe Bickers. "Tain't no use your talking," said Joe impatiently; "I've been trying to make her marry me for all forty years — 'tain't likely you're a-going to talk her over!"

When I made her acquaintance first, Joe Bickers, who was some fifteen years older than Doris, had grown blind and useless. He soon took to his bed, where his habit was to bellow snatches of old songs — hunting songs — poaching songs

—sea songs. "Hold your noise, ye old fool!" I've heard her cry; "there's the parson coming along." The fierce old ruffian used to like my coming to him, but he had no more conscience than a carrot. It seemed impossible to arouse the faintest response to any appeal to the moral sense. My heart used to die within me sometimes. The only occasion on which I noticed anything like an approach to gentleness was when he said to me once, with signs of vexation that he had been brought to unbend so far, "You're a good sort, anyhow! and God A'mighty will reward you, I don't doubt. But what's the use of your a-talking to me? I ain't fit for no other place than this. Soul? If you could see my soul, you'd see such a dirty un as you ain't often met. Who's a-going to save a rotten tater? 'tain't worth it!" But the ascendancy which Joe Bickers had acquired, and retained for over forty years, over Doris was unbounded. She was his slave. The secret of it, I doubt not, was that she had a heart and he had none — a cruel, noisy, jovial, boisterous, reckless giant, of the stuff that the old buccaners were made of. But marry him she never would, and never did. She never would marry any one. It was not for want of asking. "Why, there was one of 'em that wild he come and plumpt down on his knees and swore he'd never get up till I'd marry him. He'd a given me thousands!" "Why in the world did you not take him, Doris?" "What, marry a man that had flopped on his marrow bones and squealed like a pig? Yah! 'Twarn't likely! Why, if I'd married one of 'em, you see, I should ha' belonged to him. Then — possible — I'd have got tired of him."

During those months when I used to go to visit fierce old Bickers — though he was as hard as the nether millstone — there came a gradual change over Doris. The strange couple lived in a ruinous hovel, which was one of two when I first knew it; the other house(?) grew so dangerous that the owner dismantled it, used some of the rafters to prop up Joe Bickers's tottering wall, sold the tiles for a few shillings, and patched up some holes in the roof. In this miserable ruin the old ruffian died. While he lay there, fading away, it was my business to drop in and sit with him.

They had abandoned the upper room, where the bats hid under the tiles and flew in and out at pleasure, and the wind whistled and the snowflakes found an easy entrance; and they had put up their

big four-post bedstead on the ground floor. It was a tight fit. They did not lack for covering, and there were lumps of various dimensions which in the aggregate constituted a mattress, and there lay Joe Bickers. Once as I was speaking in my feeble way of Him who came to seek and to save them that were lost, Doris, with her back turned, sat huddling over the apology for a fire, pretending to take no notice. Suddenly, Joe burst out into a coarse laugh. "My toes, if she ain't a-crying!" Doris started up, turning her face away, and flung herself out of the house. "What a brute you are to laugh at the woman!" I exclaimed, for I was roused. "You're blind. It was a lie. You couldn't have seen her if she had cried!" He laughed again. "My toes! Many's the time I've give her a black eye, but I never see her blubbering for all that. But see or no see, she's been blubbering now. Think I don't know! I tell you she's a-crying!" I saw no more of her that day. Next time she began by being as reckless as usual. The old reprobate was evidently sinking. For the first time she condescended to consult me. "I don't know what to make of him. He keeps calling out he'll be shaved. He won't die, he says, unless he's shaved, and I don't want him to die. I want to keep him. Do you think, sir, as I ought to have him shaved?" There was a grotesque pathos about the question. Doris dreaded the thought of hastening his end.

Doris was left alone. She had still a great deal of vigor and infinite pluck. She had her donkey, too, and her cart, and she contrived, literally, to pick up a livelihood. She never begged; she had many friends here and there, who were always ready with a shilling. People who condemned her irregular life were ready to cast a veil over her antecedents. She was proud as Lucifer in her way, and scorned to apologize for what she had not scorned to commit. She rather made the worst of herself than the best. She forgot nothing; she knew everybody — especially all their old peccadilloes. Truly a formidable personage, whom prudence suggested should be best left alone to go her own way. The donkey cart grew very rickety. She took it to the wheelwright, a kindly man in his way. "Mr. —, I want you to mend this cart; what will it cost? What will it cost *you*, that's my meaning; for you must mend it up and I shan't pay you for it. Leastways I don't think I ever shall!" The cart was mended. Doris went on in the old way, doing little jobs,



getting shillings, scraps, and small doles. Then the donkey broke down. One day we missed the patient little brute. "Where's the dickey, Doris?" Simon, the knacker, had gone to her to buy it. What for? For somebody's kennel. What would he give? Half-a-crown. What would he charge for shooting it? A shilling. And dig the hole too? Yes, he didn't mind that. Doris stood by as he dug the hole, then she pulled out her shilling. "Now you may shoot him. I ain't a-going to have my dickey feed the dogs!" The old dickey rolled into his grave, and the two covered him over. Doris was desolate. "I've had three on 'em—this last one better nor twenty years. He fared as if he looked at me that morning, and said good-bye."

Men and women who are absolutely fearless always have a power over animals. Doris would have laughed at a mad bull, and the monster would have turned away from her; the fiercest dog would trot up to her, thrust his nose into her hand, and caper round her. Quite recently I was complaining to a good woman that there were no hedgehogs to be found. "Begging your pardon, sir, Doris could find you a hedgehog any day; she says they come out to look at her!" In fact, a week before she had taken a young hedgehog to one of our cottagers a mile off and given it to her. Some time afterwards she had dropt in to inquire about the hedgehog. The little creature had not taken kindly to its new home, had hidden away, and only came out in the evening when the black-beetles emerged from their holes. As the two women were gossiping—lo! in the broad noonday there appeared the hedgehog. It ran up to Doris, crooning softly, as their wont is, and seeming to ask to be noticed.

When the donkey was gone, Doris—still living in the old hovel—had to trust to her own feet. Coming back every evening, weary, often wet and hungry, no fire in the grate and scanty provisions in the cupboard, the hard life began to tell upon her. She had never had an hour's illness. Her hair had grown grey, but there were still tangled masses of it shadowing the broad, square, powerful forehead. Till within a month of her death her full lips were red as a girl's; the brilliant color of her cheek was a delicate carmine, the smaller vessels still distinct with the blood that circulated through them regularly as it had done seventy years before. Doris bowed her head at last—bowed her heart, too. "I suppose I'm a dier,"

she said to me; "I used to think I never should die. I never thought I was the same as other folks. Nothing never did me no harm. I've known hundreds of diers—what was that to me?"

At last she got an allowance from the parish—went out no more—then she took to her bed. All her life she appears to have put away from herself anything but the present hour. When she could no longer trudge about the old roads and lanes, she fiercely resented the faintest suggestion that she would be better cared for in the Union. "I never set my foot in the Union yet, and they shan't make me. I don't want no taking care of. Let 'em leave me alone. I'm best alone. Who's a-going to look after me—a-peeping and a-picking and a-sniffing about?" So we had to make the best of it. But Doris grew feebler; she found it harder and harder to fetch her pail of water from the well; she hadn't strength or spirit to wash up her things or put them away, or even light her fire. I used to drop in more frequently, though it was not always easy, for she lived a couple of miles off. The woman's heart was evidently softening, but she fought against it in impatient, defiant outbreaks. She was thinking. Clearly the memories of the past were haunting her; there were the signs not so much of weak and puling regret as of a bitter and acrimonious disgust. "Yah! I see it all now; I didn't see it then. There ain't no one to blame but myself. Yah!" Now and then her abruptness took me at a disadvantage, when she, evidently speaking out what had been turning over and over in her mind for nights and days, would hurl at me some sad question as though it were a missile she was burning to throw from her. "What puts me out," she said one day, "is what such as you come to such as me for. You ain't got nothing to gain by it—you ain't obliged to—you ain't a-going to tell me as you like it—here you are, wet and dry. What do you do it for? That there woman over the way, she wouldn't come near me if it wasn't for you. Ah! as if I don't know!" She laughed a feeble, cunning laugh, and tried to look sly. "Doris, when the old dickey was alive you used to take messages, didn't you, whether you liked it or not? Perhaps that's my way." "Go on wi' you! you ain't got no master, and you don't want no shillings—I did." "Ah! Doris! Doris! but I *have* a Master, and that's just where it is." She looked at me, said nothing, tossed about on the bed, sat up again, then half wearily

half petulantly, "Well, you can't like it anyhow. He never comes to see you; and if he did, possible as you could do without him!"

Another time she broke out, "Mrs. Dash came here yesterday; she brought me a bit of chicken. She hadn't no call to come; she wouldn't ha' come if you hadn't sent her. I had to eat her victuals, though it kind o' choked me; she wanted 'em more'n I did, and they'd ha' done her more good!" Then she went on to say that Mrs. Dash had in the old days always been good for a sixpence, an egg, a cup of milk, or some scraps. Four years before this time her husband had "broken." Doris had called at the door some days afterwards and found her old friend in tears — the bailiffs had been in the house. Mechanically she had gone to look for something for Doris — there was nothing. "Never mind, Doris!" she had said with a wan smile, "there's twopence for you!" Doris took it, shambled off, and swore a big oath that she'd never go near that door again. "I'd have given it back, and more too," said Doris, "but I knew her well; she wouldn't ha' liked it; but I never went there no more!"

The shadows were deepening. We got a kind neighbor to go in two or three times a day to look after Doris, and very kind and considerate she was; but Doris at first resented the intrusion. In a little while she submitted, and ended by expressing a reluctant sort of gratitude; but in the presence of this extemporized *sœur de charité* when I called she was obstinately silent. The good creature noticed it, and had the tact and delicacy always to retire when I came in to pay my visits. "I'm a dier!" said Doris. "Not just yet, though; don't you be afraid. Possible you'd write a letter for me?" Write a letter for Doris! Whom to? Then came a strange story. Fifty years ago, when Doris had first taken up with Joe Bickers — who was then earning a great deal of money doing odd jobs of drilling and carting — Joe wanted more help. Doris thereupon went to the workhouse and took out her youngest brother, a lad of twelve or fourteen. "And I brought him up," said Doris.

The strong, affectionate nature of the lad, his strange thoughtfulness, his intelligence, his somewhat melancholy temperament, had come, you may be sure, not from Jaunty Jem, but from the other side of the house. He conceived a deep horror and loathing of the life into which he

was plunged. "He couldn't a-bear the drink, and he couldn't abide my old man!" The lad grew very strong, but he was no match at all for old Joe. He sullenly submitted to the ruffian's brutal violence for three or four years; then when he found he could do no good, and that it was faring worse and worse with his sister, one day he disappeared. "He always said he should go away some day, and if he did he'd never come back. 'Come along wi' me, Doris,' he said one night afore he went off; 'I'll never marry till you do; I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep you respectable; come along and leave it all. Don't you be dragged in the mud no more!'"

But no! With the obstinate infatuation of the woman, she refused to move. She never slept a night in her life ten miles from the place of her birth. There she would live and there she would die.

Once, when I was in the jolly twenties, a merry band of us had been out shooting. Just as we turned homewards the sun sank down and it was twilight. Up rose a partridge; some one fired; the bird was hit. A shot, I conjecture, had passed through one of its eyes and lodged in the brain. In the waning light we saw it wheeling round us in a regular circle — round and round and round. It was getting dark as we fired one after another; but we missed. The bird flew round and round; at last one chance shot ended it all. I often think of the poor partridge; and when I do I think of Doris too, fluttering round and round and round in an enchanted circle — dropping at last!

I wrote that letter and the brother came. A serious, broad-shouldered, thriving miner, with a vast hand that took mine into its mighty grasp while his lip quivered, and his words came slowly: "I've come to fetch Doris, but she won't go, sir. Suppose I was to take her up and carry her off in a first-class carriage. Do you think she'd stand it? There's a train at 4.15 this afternoon." He'd been travelling all the night, fourteen hours of it. It was now midday. I told him the thing was not to be done — impossible. "Then I'd best get back. My wife's been paralyzed. There's two shops to look after. I must get back!" He stayed a few hours, amazed the *sœur de charité* by his profuseness, left money behind him, and orders that his sister should want for nothing, and was gone; the poor wife was calling to him, and the two shops, and the work he had left in the coal-pit. How he managed his various occupations who shall

say? A man of few words and slow of speech, he left only one message behind him. "Give my love to his reverence. Mind, I say my love! I mean it." The 4.15 train took him back to his wife, who wrote an urgent, pleading letter to Doris. Let her come. "Oh, come to us for the love of God!" She was past railway journeyings by this time. "I knew he'd come if I sent for him," said Doris; "he was always a good sort of boy. I brought him up, and he's a good boy now,"—aged sixty years or thereabouts!

You ladies and gentlemen of the leisured classes who subscribe to Mudie's and religiously visit the Royal Academy I have noticed a superstition among you which is rather widely prevalent. I have heard many of you express unbounded astonishment that romance, sentiment, pure nobleness, and the simple heroism of self-surrender should be found among the masses in the squalor of the alleys or of the cottage in the lane. I am inclined myself to fall into exactly the opposite superstition, and to doubt whether the before-mentioned articles are to be found anywhere *except* in the before-mentioned spots.

"Well! he's been and gone, my poor boy! There's another thing you might do for me now!" For perhaps the first and only time in her life a deep blush rose to her cheek, mantling all her brow with crimson. It was some time before she could bring it out. She recovered herself. "Are you a-going? 'Cause I'll tell you when you're going!" I silently took up my hat; with my hand upon the latch I paused, turning my back on her as she lay.

"Will you be so good as ask 'em in your church next Sunday—just to—all on 'em—just to—say a prayer for a bad woman as has lived as she hadn't ought to? Possible He may look in and hear 'em!" Can you guess who He was?

Of course I gave the message almost in her very words. The pathetic notice produced a profound impression. Everybody was talking about it. A wild rumor, extensively circulated and repeated in the markets, went about that Doris had confessed to being concerned in a murder committed fifty years before. The Pharisees were greatly exercised. One of them must needs go and look into the matter. "Is it true, Doris?" Some of the old fierceness of scorn came back to her. "Get out wi' you! I ain't so bad but I know this house is my own. Who wants you in here? I know all about you—you and

yours, they're a mucky lot! I never done no night poaching same as you. Who are you to come in here with your horking and your snivelling? Get out wi' you!" The fellow slunk away and gave in a report to those that sent him that Doris was "a-going to hell!"

She was past caring now what people said of her; the old contempt of the world's censure helped her now. Let them—they had cause for it!

I rarely *read* anything to Doris. I used to trust to my memory for the most part, and *tell* her what I thought it was good to tell. She was sitting up in her bed huddled together, her arms clasped round her knees, on her head a *magenta* (is that the word?) handkerchief tied under her chin, faded crimson petticoat, and crimson stockings, an old blanket gathered round her shoulders. Somehow—I forget how it came about—I told her of one whom they brought to Him, how they were very hard upon her; how they could not help being hard—it would not do *not* to be hard against some sins, some wrongs, some evil-doers—how they said this and that; how He was never hard; how He was so very, very sorry for her. Doris utterly broke down. Clutching her knees, she looked at me, the wide eyes filled with the big drops that rolled down her cheeks. I never saw a human being sob before without the least attempt at stopping or hiding the spasms of emotion. I hope I shall never see it again. What did she say? What did I answer? Nay! Nay! Hush!

Next day and the next I could not go to her. Doris was very restless. "I can't ease her," said our *sœur de charité* when I did come at last; "she keeps telling me to read to her 'about the woman,' and I don't know what woman—I've been trying ever so!" Her trying consisted in reading about the lost piece of silver, the judgment of Solomon, St. Paul's advice to wives. Finally (when all these failed to satisfy Doris) somebody dropped in who suggested the seventeenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John!

Doris tried to raise herself the next time she heard my voice. We had our last interview. That night she died. A week or two before she had sent for Mrs. Dash. By the help of careful instructions Mrs. Dash found, in a hole in the chimney, a little hoard of seventeen shillings. It had been stored up against the day of her burial. Doris had no fears now, for her "boy" would save her from a pauper's grave; but the money was his, and he'd better have it. The brother came

again, and brought his sadly crippled wife with him too. They gave away the few things that were in the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could make them understand that there was no fee to pay, that they owed me nothing. They went their way, strangely sorrowing, when they had laid their sister in her grave.

And this was the end of Doris!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From The National Review.

#### HEINE'S VISIT TO LONDON.

THE English people not long ago were reading a book on England written by an observant Frenchman long resident in this country. He is a friend and admirer of John Bull, and his work has been very favorably received among us. But there is another book on England, written by the German poet, Heine, which is not so well known. Heine was a German and a Jew, a poet and a satirist, and so we must receive his criticisms with a grain of salt. Besides, he came over to England in a fit of spleen. He was disgusted with the tyranny of Continental nations. His books had been subjected to the censorship, and had come forth so terribly mangled that he was unwilling to own them. It seemed to him better that he should not publish his thoughts at all, than that they should be given to the world in such a mutilated form. But he had heard of Britain as the land of the free press and free institutions, and he resolved to spend a few months among us and see them for himself. He accordingly embarked for London, and arrived about the middle of April in the year 1827.

His thoughts were running on the freedom of the press which John Milton had so nobly won for the English people. And so, as soon as he sighted England, he cried out, "O land of freedom, I greet thee!" and was losing himself in a soliloquy upon English freedom, when the captain came up and asked him to be a little less demonstrative. He warned him that he might not find England so free as he was anticipating. "There are several kinds of freedom," he continued, "and the Englishman does not possess them all. He loves freedom, and he has it when it means personal liberty. He loves to be free in his own house, and so he calls it his castle. He loves to be free in his relations to his wife, his children, and per-

sonal friends. But he loves freedom no further. He keeps the stranger and even his neighbor at arm's length. He may live for years without speaking to his neighbor who lives in the next house, or the boarder who occupies the rooms next his own. He wishes to be let alone. It is the Frenchman who loves freedom in the club, the café, the salon, who greets you with open arms in the market-place. That is what the Frenchman calls liberty, or in other words equality, and he possesses that kind of freedom. But the German is an idealist, and loves neither liberty nor equality, or, if he does, it is only as a man loves his grandmother."

While this conversation with the captain was going on it had become dark, and the boat had entered the Thames. Heine is surprised at the crowded river, and is not free from anxiety when he sees the ships passing so closely by each other that their passengers could almost shake hands—a welcome and farewell at the same moment. He looks with wonder on the forest of masts and on his own boat as it slowly and safely glides through among them. The stars, meanwhile, have burst out in the sky, and the captain, seeing him in a silent mood, calls his attention to them. "You talk of freedom," he says, "and have come over here to see its triumphs. There is no such thing either in heaven or in earth. These stars that shine over our heads are not free. They are bound fast by an eternal law, and cannot move a hair-breadth from their orbits." Before Heine had time to reply, the captain cries out, "Look there! Do you see that black object looming through the darkness? That is the Tower of London."

Heine found rooms at the Tavistock Hotel; but as these did not suit him, he soon removed to 32 Craven Street, Strand. From early morning till late at night he went about sight-seeing. He had made up his mind that he would not be astonished at the greatness of London. But he was astonished; he could not help it. He came prepared to see great and lofty palaces, and he saw little houses three stories high, built of brick, and crowned with chimney-cans that looked like fresh-drawn teeth. But it was the number of them that astonished him. He wandered about hour after hour, and saw the same uniformity everywhere prevail. Day after day he went in new directions, and still he followed the same kind of streets, stretching miles upon miles, and seeming never to end. He was, he says, like the boy who made up his mind not to cry when he

was whipped. But he expected to be whipped on an ordinary place with an ordinary cane; and when he came to experience it, he was whipped on an extraordinary place with an extraordinary bunch of birch twigs. And so Heine, having fortified his mind against wonder, found that his anticipations of what London would be like were entirely false, and had to wonder all the same.

Heine remained in England from the 17th of April to the 8th of August, and in that time not only saw the various objects of interest in and around the metropolis, but gained a wonderful knowledge of our political life. As soon as Parliament opened he became an assiduous attender on the debates. Canning was prime minister; Castlereagh had just committed suicide. The great political question of the hour was the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. The great rock ahead was the national debt, which then amounted to £1,125,000,000, and which, according to the political prophets of the time, was soon to land the nation in utter bankruptcy.

In the House of Lords he was greatly pleased with Lord King, and in the House of Commons with Lord Brougham, and gives us a sketch of each. Lord Brougham was the great orator of the day. Heine describes him as a man of middle size and of a slender build. His face was thin, his head was sparsely covered with black hair lying flat on the temples; his black dress gave him an ecclesiastical air; but the moment he began to speak you saw that he was an advocate. He had a way of pointing with his forefinger and of holding his head which are confined to speakers at the bar. The muscles of his face had a weird twitching motion that enabled those who were near to see his thoughts before they were uttered, and, in the case of witty remarks, rather spoiled their effect. For making a witty remark, as Heine says, is like borrowing money of a friend; the more sudden the surprise, the greater is our chance of success. But what astonished Heine most of all was the restless activity of the Scottish lawyer. He made his most famous speeches after a day's pleading of nine hours in the law courts, while the previous night had been spent in writing on educational and criminal reform for the *Edinburgh Review*. Heine was not present when he delivered any of his great speeches, although he heard him several times. But he noticed that whenever he rose there was a look of expectancy on every face and an unusual

silence all over the House. He quotes the words of a journalist of the time in describing the great orator.

This writer tells us that he began slowly, and with great hesitation in his utterance. He laid down his premisses clearly and with deliberation, as a mathematician lays down the data in a proposition of Euclid. His premisses are so clear and simple and self-evident and convincing that they seem truisms. When this is done, he gathers them all together, he builds up his argument, his voice rising the while until he shakes the rafters like thunder, and sweeps everything before him. Then comes a pause. The stranger thinks his exertions have exhausted his strength, and expects to see him fall back on his seat in a swoon. Not at all. This is only the trick of the tiger crouching low that he may spring the higher. He has laid down his proposition, and he has proved it; and it now remains for him to shatter the arguments of his antagonists to atoms. Woe unto them that have now to bear the brunt of his anger! His pale face becomes livid with rage, his blue eyes flash fire, and he hurls the thunderbolts of his rhetoric against them without mercy. And, now that his task is done, he sits down amid a storm of applause.

Heine was greatly pleased with some aspects of our political life. In the House of Commons the honorable members laugh and joke and talk in their natural tone of voice, even in debating the most serious questions. In a debate where the lives of thousands of men and the safety of the entire country are at stake nobody thinks it necessary to make a long, grinning face like a German deputy, or to talk pathetically in the manner of the French. The result of this is that the Parliamentary debates are interesting reading, and are read by the outside public, a thing that did not then happen in the south of Germany.

As illustrations of the pleasantries of Parliamentary debate, he quotes Lord King's Turkish apologue, in which, under the form of an Arabian tale, he caricatures the members of the Cabinet. He quotes, also, Spring Rice's comparison of the predictions made in 1753, when the bill for the emancipation of the Jews was brought forward, to the predictions that were now being made on the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. But these are serious questions, and he approaches the national debt in a humorous vein. Debt is one of the prerogatives of humanity. The beasts of the fields have no debt



And national debt has taken the place of *fatum*, fate in the modern world. It is now what fate was in ancient times. Now, it is easy to see how John Bull has got so deeply into debt. (1) John is a vain creature, fond of military glory, and easily puffed up by victories; and when he cannot win them himself he must pay others to win them for him. So he bought a great many victories all over the world, subsidizing ever so many foreign nations. (2) John was terrified lest the democratic ideas, the fruit of the French Revolution, should cross the Channel and leaven the English people, that is to say, deprive the aristocracy of their privileges and the clergy of their tithes. He set himself to prevent this, and to do it the more effectually, he denounced everything that was French. He worked himself into a mortal hatred of that people, and fought against them whenever he had a chance. He not only fought himself, but he paid others to help him. Not that John had the money to pay it with. He borrowed it from the banker, and left posterity to pay the interest. But the sum had reached the total of £1,125,000,000, and the interest was so excessive as to threaten the country with bankruptcy.

Patrick Colquhoun, a Scotchman, tried to comfort the despairing people by making an estimate of the wealth and resources of the nation, and by showing that the wealth of the nation was so great as to leave no cause for alarm. He had made an estimate of the yearly income of the people, but he was met with the reply from Cobbett that his statistics were utterly useless. The people need their yearly income for their own wants, and cannot give it away to pay the debt of the nation. He declared that Colquhoun's reasoning and figures are no more to the point than if he had estimated the value of the blood in the veins of the people to make black puddings.

The very barber that shaved Heine could speak of nothing but the national debt. As he rubbed the soap on his face he kept muttering to himself, "lords, dogs, priests," and, flourishing his razor, he declared that if he had any of these spendthrift ministers under his hand he would save him the trouble of cutting his own throat as Castlereagh had just done.

Heine has an article on the Whigs and the Tories which shows that, although he was only four months in the country, he has grasped the secret of our political life. He compares them to the opposition coaches of that time. It was common,

then, for opposition omnibuses to compete so keenly for the traffic as to reduce the profits to a mere trifle. Of course, the omnibuses could not pay, and, sooner or later, one of them had to retire from the contest. The successful coach now raised its fare to suit itself, sometimes to an exorbitant charge, as it had now no rival to fear, and had to make up for previous losses. The passengers are completely at the coachman's mercy. They must pay what fare he chooses to ask, or walk. Now, this is how political parties work in England. The opposition party continually harasses the party in power, until they force them to resign, when their own party gets into power and does what it thinks best.

He has a word to say on the prime minister, but it is a word of pity. In his boyhood he used to read the news from Turkey, to see whether the grand vizier to the sultan had got the honor of the silken rope, that is, had been hanged. And what astonished him was that, when one grand vizier had been strangled, there were always plenty ready to take his place. But the object of his wonder changed when he came to England. It was turned to the prime minister. The poets of the ancient world compared the State to a ship, and the prime minister to the pilot at the helm. But the ship of the State has become a steamer, and the prime minister is chief engineer. His work is down below, watching the enormous and complicated machinery, half suffocated with the smell of his heated oil, and half roasted with the blazing furnace. He is shaking with anxiety from morning till night. A boiler may burst, or a piston may break, or they may run upon a rock in the darkness, and he will be blamed for it all. The passengers walk the deck in the bright sunshine, and sleep securely in their cabins at night—but he must be ever on the watch.

The most of these prime ministers fall under the load of responsibilities. Sad was the death of the great Pitt, more sad still was the death of the still greater Fox. Perceval would have died of the ministerial malady if the dagger had not hurried on his end. Lord Castlereagh, driven to despair, took his own life. Lord Liverpool fell in the same manner, in a death of imbecility. The noble Canning, his life embittered by the Tories, succumbed like a sick Atlas under the weight of a world. In sad succession are buried in Westminster Abbey these poor ministers, who, night and day, have thought for the kings

of England, while they, in florid health and free from care, live to a good old age.

He went also to Westminster Abbey, and spent hours of musing in the Poet's Corner. From his early infancy he had known the English language, and had studied its greatest masters, and he is now in their national tomb. Many of them are dear to him, but the dearest of them all is Shakespeare. Everything in England reminds him of the world's greatest genius. The history of England is embalmed forever in his plays; and he hears them quoted in the Houses of Parliament for their historical value. The streets and public places of London have been rendered familiar by his works. Heine heard him spoken of everywhere. The beef-eaters in the Tower took him into the dungeon where the princes were murdered, and recited Shakespeare. The members of Parliament quote him; Charles Kean clothes his plays with life and beauty on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Every lion in London speaks of the still greater lion Shakespeare. And so Heine stands before his bust in deep meditation. He looks at his pale lips and the blank scroll in his hand. He looks round at the tombs of England's kings and queens, of its heroes in arts and arms. He sees Shakespeare, at the witching hour of twelve, call them all forth from their graves. They come in their rusty armor, cavaliers of the Red Rose and of the White Rose, courtiers in their stars and garters, and grand ladies in their silks and jewels. He hears the clinking of their swords, and the sounds of their laughter, and the hissing of their curses. He searches their reins and their hearts, and reveals the inmost recesses of their souls unto themselves and unto the world. With his magic pen he makes the dead past live again. He gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. And so he wears the triple crown of the dramatist, the historian, and the poet.

As Heine left the Abbey he gave the verger his fee of one shilling and sixpence, with the remark that he would gladly have paid double the money if the collection had been complete.

We next find Heine standing at a shop-window in Fleet Street. He is looking at a picture of Beresina Bridge. But he has scarcely time to see it. He is jostled on this side and on that, and compelled to move on. And so he cries, Send a German philosopher to London, but, for pity's sake, no poet. The philosopher will learn more in an afternoon in Fleet Street from

the hurrying crowd than from all the books in Leipsig Fair. This Fleet Street is Beresina Bridge, and every man and woman on it is hurrying as if for very life. It is every one for himself here. You must be wide awake, and have your thoughts fixed on yourself, or you will be trampled in the mud. And so a poor dreaming poet, who goes about with his thoughts in fairyland, and his eyes without vision in them, is sure to come to grief.

Another characteristic of English life that seemed wonderful to Heine was the perfection of our machinery. There was something uncanny to him in seeing combinations of iron and wood doing the work that seemed to be the prerogative of man. Our spinning, weaving, printing machines, inspired him with a feeling of awe. He tells the story of an English mechanic who, after many inventions, resolved to make a man. He did so, making his body of iron and brass, and his lungs of leather. He was so successful that the automaton could perform all the ordinary functions of a human creature. But the automaton was not satisfied with this, and kept running after his maker crying, "Give me a soul!"

Heine was a satirist, and he foretells a danger that lies before our country. The very manufacture and serving of machines has a tendency to render human work mechanical. A man's work becomes less and less the exponent of his thought, and so loses the great characteristic that makes labor sublime. And so Heine, hearing everywhere the clank of machinery, and seeing everywhere men and women laboring like automata, declares that John Bull is a born materialist, who can only learn mechanics, analytical method, and the art of ready reckoning. He cannot understand philosophy, and will never excel in the fine arts.

After exhausting the sights of London, Heine went to the seacoast for the warm weather. He there made the acquaintance of a charming lady, whom he calls Miss Gordon. She seems to have fascinated him very much, and he declares that John Bull's daughters are beyond all praise. But his money, by this time, was getting scarce. He had spent a guinea and a half on the steamer for food and steward's fees, and two guineas a day ever since. He had been in debt at home, and although his uncle, a rich banker, had given him a letter of credit for £400, he had added a strict order that it was not to be cashed. Heine, however, was too

needy to obey this. He cashed it on the first opportunity, and sent a large portion back to pay his creditors. The remainder was almost spent, and so the poet had to make arrangements for going home again. He left England on the 8th day of August, and endeavored to pay his expenses by writing in the German press on what he had seen.

THOMAS PRYDE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
JUANA ALVAREZ.

#### A SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCH.

As one journeys in a south-westerly direction from Buenos Ayres towards the Andes, leaving behind the railways of advancing civilization and the flat, far-stretching pastures, here and there divided by wire fences and dotted with *estancia* houses, whose white walls can scarce be seen through the surrounding clumps of trees, one comes by slow stages and painful travelling to a country equally flat and far more desolate, where the soft grasses, meet for sheep and cattle, give way to the hard and unprofitable pampas that stretches its feathered heads on all sides to the horizon. Not a tree is in sight, and hardly a habitation, save an occasional squatter's hut with its mud-built walls and grass-thatched roof, around which stray, half hidden in the tall grass, a few horses or cows, or a flock of ragged sheep. Only a few years ago and not even they would have been seen; for not far distant lay the great lake, the *Laguna de los Indios*, and near it were the *toldos* of Waikeleofu and his tribe. Poor Waikeleofu! He led a pleasant life as *cacique* with some two hundred lances behind him. Fine it was to scour the plain, chasing the fleet deer or fleeter ostrich; or better still to sweep off in some night raid the cattle of a too confiding settler. What if they did murder and pillage—were they not the true sons of the country, and who had a better right than they? But evil times and an ambitious *commandante* fell upon Waikeleofu. His *toldos* were surrounded and burnt, his men were massacred or taken prisoners, and he, with many others, was brought bound to Buenos Ayres, where he was exhibited to the curious at so much a head. It is not necessary to relate here how the *commandante* found promotion and a rich wife in consequence, or how Waikeleofu shortly died, partly from rum, partly from a general disinclination to live

in his altered surroundings. His faithful followers who survived him buried him with all due rites, and slaughtered a horse over his grave, that he might have something to ride when he arrived at his new destination.

Waikeleofu was gone, and his place knew him no more. Settlers came there and built their *ranchos*, and profited by his absence. The land had probably been sold in large tracts by the government to capitalists who considered it yet too distant to yield any immediate profit. The country still had its drawbacks; it was terribly far from any market, and although good pasture was fairly abundant, pumas were also abundant, and well pleased to carry off a sheep now and then, much preferring a diet of mutton to one of venison. Nevertheless, when one pays no rent it is not good to grumble over much (unless, of course, one is an Irish farmer); and the settlers in general, and Anselmo Alvarez in particular, were well content with the locality.

Like the others, Anselmo Alvarez was a mere squatter, settling on land which belonged to some city merchant who was probably ignorant even of the whereabouts of his property; but unlike the others, he had been possessed of a considerable amount of stock before bad years and heavy losses had driven him with the scanty remnant of his flocks to take refuge in what was practically no man's land. An old man he was, of a short but wiry build, with keen, greedy eyes, that seemed out of place in his otherwise heavy and stupid-looking features. His neighbors disliked and rather feared him; his wife, Maria Mercedes, feared and worshipped him; and his niece, Juana Alvarez, knew not whether she hated or feared him most. He had a passion for trying to outwit his neighbors which had done much towards ruining him in his old neighborhood; he had a passion for horse-racing, cards, and rum, which had helped not a little to the same end; and he bore a passionate resentment against a certain Juan Romano, a former neighbor, who had had the bad taste to prosper where Anselmo had almost starved, and who had actually bought the land upon which he had originally settled.

News came that Juan Romano had been made *alcalde* of the old district. "Don Juan!" sneered Anselmo. "Look you, how rotten eggs come to the top of the water. *Qué tipo!*" and he spat on the floor. "I knew his father before him, a man without shame, a robber, and this is

the son of his father. What more would you have?" And then he would glare at his niece, who had her reason for liking the Romano family, and who would put on an air of very ill-feigned indifference as she moved about her household duties.

When a girl is eighteen, and has a pretty face, it is good to have a lover; but it is better to choose one who is acceptable to her family, and Juana had been singularly unfortunate in the choice of hers. Pedro Romano was everything that could be desired in the point of outward appearance, and a very good fellow to boot; but then he was a Romano, and, as the old Anselmo would have added, the son of his father. It was not wonderful, then, that his visits to their old home had been hardly tolerated, and had finally ended in an explosion; after which Pedro was forbidden the house, and poor Juana had sobbed herself to sleep for many a night, having lost a lover and received a good beating in exchange.

Pedro was not to be shaken off so easily. When the Alvarez family that year moved out westwards to the new territory, he also left the home of his father and, following them, took service with an Englishman who had bought and stocked a large tract of land in their neighborhood. He was very young, Pedro, and had fallen in love with Juana with all the fervor of a first passion. He was proud of his conquest too, for she was the prettiest girl in all the country round. How could he forget her? Could he forget that evening when he first met her in the shearers' dance, a slight girl of sixteen in a fresh white frock with a red flower in her dark hair, so slight and fragile that he could scarce feel her weight as she clung to him, slowly turning in the never-ending *habañeras*? All that night he had danced with her alone, heedless of the grins and innuendoes of the others, mindful only of those downcast eyes, veiled with their long lashes, and the soft cheeks that flushed in answer to his whispered words. When the morning came, and *el viejo*, who had been gambling all night, had ridden off too drunk to remember that he was leaving his niece behind, Pedro saddled her horse and put her on it. And then — while he arranged the heavy folds of the *poncho* to guard her against the chill morning air, was it she who bent down her head? He knew not how it happened, his arms had found their way round that slender waist, and hers around his neck; their lips had met in a long, lingering kiss, and his eyes had seen in those dark eyes of hers a fire they had

never seen before. How could he give her up? Could he forget those stolen interviews — alas! so short and far between? No, he would get good wages from the Englishman, save his money and become rich; or perhaps the Englishman would give him a flock to take care of and a house on the land; and then — and then Pedro swore by all the saints in the calendar, and by some that were not saints at all, that he would have Juana Alvarez to be his wife.

For nearly two years Anselmo Alvarez had been settled in his new home. His business had been prospering fairly, both his cattle and his sheep had increased, and he had still a little money left from the sale of his last wool. In truth his house was not much to look at; a mud hut divided into two rooms, each with a door and a square hole in the wall, that with the help of a wooden shutter served as a window. There was no chimney. In one room slept Mercedes with her niece Juana and her little daughter Carmen; the other served as a kitchen and sleeping-place for a boy that helped Anselmo in his work. The furniture was simple; a couple of wooden bedsteads for the women, covered with that coarse white lace that it delights the heart of native women to make; three rickety chairs, an old wooden press in which were stowed away many treasures, their holiday dresses, all wrapped in paper, a book which no one could read, the certificates for the cattle-brand and sheep-marks, a broken rosary, and Carmen's discarded doll. A colored print of the Virgin hung over one bed; and, as a pendant to it, over the other was fixed a colored plate of a lady in full ball-dress. In the other room, which served as kitchen and dining-room, the walls, blackened with smoke, were hung with bridles and lassoes, and the floor littered with the countless odds and ends of camp life; a few rough wooden settles and an inverted ox-skull served as seats, while two or three iron pots, a strip of iron, called an *asador*, on which to roast their meat, and a few metal spoons, cups, and platters, completed the household belongings. In Arcadia, the houses as a rule are not sumptuously furnished, but at least they are kept fairly clean, and the well-swept mud floors and spotless lace on the beds said much for Doña Mercedes's care for cleanliness.

It was a hot summer day, the last day of the year, and Anselmo was sleeping the *siesta* of a just man, who has a family to work for him. Mercedes was engaged in

mending some of the family clothes, while she racked her brains, thinking how she might account to her husband for the balance of the money he had given her to buy stores with. Perhaps he would not ask for it. If he did, surely he would not grudge the children the new stockings she had bought with it. Mercedes doubted and stitched, stitched and doubted, trying to account for the deficit by the high price of sugar. Outside the rancho the sun beat down fiercely on the brown arid plain; the tall heads of the pampas grass drooped in the swimming haze of the still noonday heat without a breath of air to stir them; no sign of life or motion save the incessant hum of grasshoppers and winged creatures innumerable that seem to be busiest when all nature is resting. In a *cañedon*, or slight hollow in the ground, the sheep had gathered together, close crowded, head to head, panting with the heat and patiently waiting the cool of the evening to resume their feeding; not far from them Juana and Carmen alternately slept and watched under the improvised shade of a large piece of sacking which had served as a saddle for the old horse they had tethered beside them.

"Carmen, don't go to sleep; you promised to tell me whom you saw yesterday when you went to the town. Wake up, lazy one! You said you would tell me when we were alone."

Carmen, a sturdy child of twelve, deliberately stretched herself and sat up, tucking her bare feet and brown legs under her. A gleam of mischief lit up her sleepy brown eyes as she shook her shaggy hair back from her face.

"Whom I saw when I went to the *pueblo*? Guess then, *Juanita mia*, if you would know. Stay—think of some one who knows you well and would send you a message—some one whom you like."

"Doña Elvira, who gave me the looking-glass?"

"No, it was not a woman," said Carmen scornfully. "Think again; think of a man whom you like, *querida mia*, whom you like very, very much."

"I don't like any man very much."

"What! not old Geronimo the one-eyed, who plays the guitar?"

"Oh, yes, I like him," said Juana indifferently. "Well, what had Geronimo to say?"

"It was not Geronimo, although I did see him too. Tell me, *Juanita*, dost thou not like Pedro Romano?"

The blood rushed to Juana's face; for a minute she had not breath to speak.

"Pedro Romano! it is impossible. It is not true. It is impossible that thou hast seen him! Ah! tell me, *niña*, do not tease me."

"It was Pedro Romano then," cried Carmen, delighted to unburden herself of a secret that she had kept with difficulty for twenty-four hours. "Listen, and I will tell thee all. Yesterday when I rode with the mother to the *pueblo*—we rode slowly, for it is very far, quite six leagues, and it was nearly eleven when we got there. It is a wretched place, only two stores in all, and no church or *plaza* like our old town at San José; but you know it, you saw it when you went with father—ah! Juana, dost thou not wish that thou hadst gone this time instead of me? Well, we stopped outside the store that has a guitar and a cow painted on the wall, the *almacen* which the Spaniard keeps, and went in, and mother bought all the things—oh, Juana, do you know she has bought us each a new pair of white stockings to wear on *fiestas*?"

"I know, I know!" cried Juana impatiently. "Never mind the stockings. Was it there that you saw Pedro?"

"*Qué impaciencia!* No, I did not see Pedro then. We went away to see old Domingo Lanar, who gave us dinner and new-baked *tortas*, and then we came back to fetch the things, and while they were bargaining about the rice—or was it the matches? I forget—well, at any rate, I went outside to see if I could see any one in the wine-shop opposite. There were four horses tied there; one a chestnut, with white legs and a heavy head, just like the horse Pedro used to ride, and I thought—can that be Pedro's chestnut? And then I saw the silver stirrups, and I was almost sure it was Pedro's horse. And then Pedro came out himself. I was so surprised, you might have offered me ever so many sweets and I shouldn't have seen them. Well, he did not notice me, and was getting on his horse to ride away. Oh, I thought, he will go without seeing me! What shall I do? And then I called out loud, '*Buenas tardes, Don Pedro!*'"

"Ah! Carmen, my heart, my darling!" and Juana smothered her with kisses.

"I thought thou wouldst like me to speak to him," said Carmen demurely. "Well, he turned round and saw me, and cried out, 'What, Carmen!—the little one—what art thou doing here?' and then we began to talk, and I told him that I was with the mother, and that she must not see him, and where we lived, and



that the little puppy he had given me was dead, and that you were well and had grown so beautiful, and that the old black horse was lame, and that I should like to be back in the old home —"

"But what did Pedro say?" interrupted poor Juana. "What was his message?"

"Well, while we were talking the mother came out, and he had to slip away; but he told me — what was it now? — I know. I was to tell thee that he lived at the Estancia Aguila, that he was shepherd to the *Inglés*, Don Tomaso Donovan; that he loved thee always — always, and by all the saints that I should tell it to no one else; that he would come some day when *el viejo* was away, and that — listen, there is some one passing."

The sound of a bell and the beat of horses' feet came faintly through the heavy air. At some distance off a man was riding towards the rancho, driving before him four horses with their *madrina*, or bell-mare. With his broad hat slouched over his eyes, he looked neither to right nor left, but passed straight on, lazily brushing through the tall grass.

"Who is it?" said Juana, cautiously peering out from their shelter.

"Ramon Perez," answered Carmen, "he always looks half asleep. I hate him; and he is going to the house. What does he want? He is always passing this way. I wanted to go to the house, too; it is so hot here."

"No, no; not while that man is there. Let us wait a little longer." And Juana pulled Carmen down beside her on the ground. "Tell me, how did Pedro look? What more did he say?" and the conversation about Pedro was once more resumed.

Meanwhile, Ramon Perez rode on to the rancho. He was a thorough *gaucho*, in the worst sense of the word. Too idle, or too proud to work regularly, he wandered about, picking up a little money here and there, sometimes by doing a day's work, more often by cards or racing. His face, deeply scarred by small-pox, showed signs of his Indian blood in its copper color, and restless, bloodshot eyes. At present he was on his way to the house of his mother, who lived at no great distance from Anselmo Alvarez — an old woman, reputed to be rich, also the wise woman of the neighborhood, skilled to charm away disease both from man and beast, and to wheedle money from her neighbors' pockets. Like the rest of the world, Ramon stood in considerable awe of her, and it

was rare that he sought shelter in her house. "If you would only marry and bring a wife here to help me," his mother would grumble. "Now that I am growing old I need some younger limbs to help me. But who would marry such a worthless one?"

Marry a wife! Ramon shuddered at the idea, yet to that he must come. For the last two months things had gone badly with him. When one does not pay one's losses at cards or races it is difficult to get credit. "How am I to pay?" Ramon indignantly explained. "When I do not win I have no money to pay." The argument was undoubtedly excellent; but the explanation was not considered satisfactory. No one would race with him; no one would play cards with him; and no wine-shop would give him credit. Even the last resource of honest work had failed him. Why not marry? His mother was old, and they said she was rich. Even supposing she did not die, and he grew weary of his life with her, he could leave his wife there and go back to his old companions. If he was to marry, it would be good to marry Juana Alvarez. The old man hated his niece, and would be glad to get rid of her, and Ramon knew there were not many families who would be proud of an alliance with him. Besides, Juana was just the useful girl that his mother would approve of. He had determined to arrange the matter with old Anselmo at once, and he was now waiting outside the door, wondering how he should begin the negotiations.

There was no one moving. "*Ave Maria!*" he called out.

No one came out but a savage-looking mastiff, which, after barking furiously and finding that it made no impression, tried to bite the horse's tail, and received a kick in the jaws for his pains that rolled him several yards off.

"Dog of the devil!" muttered Ramon. "*Ave Maria,*" he cried again.

Presently Doña Mercedes made her appearance in the doorway, shading her eyes from the glare.

"Who is it? What, Don Ramon! *caramba!* is it you? Get off your horse, man, and come in: you are welcome. Ah, evil dog! wilt thou not get away? Hit him with your whip, Don Ramon. Tie up your horse and enter." Ramon swaggered into the house after his hostess, while the mastiff slunk away growling and meditating reprisals.

"Where is your husband, Doña Mercedes?"

"He is here," called out Anselmo, as he came into the room rubbing his eyes. "How goes it, Ramon? What news have you? I have been sleeping late. Wife, serve us a *maté*; Ramon will take a *maté*, will you not? Well, what news?"

"None; to-morrow is New Year's day."

"It is hot enough to-day," grumbled Anselmo. "If the new year would bring us rain, it would be welcome; the camp is as dry as a monk's throat."

Mercedes busily raked together the hot ashes on the hearth, that she might boil the kettle and serve the *maté*, or in other words a curiously graven gourd, filled with a kind of tea upon which hot water is poured, and the infusion then sucked out through a tube, called a *bombilla*. Mercedes kept refilling it, and presenting it to one and the other as they smoked their cigarettes, carrying on a desultory conversation.

"Where are the girls?" asked Ramon at last.

"They are out with the sheep," said Mercedes. "I do not know why they have not come in for the siesta, it is too hot there in the camp. But girls are wilful and foolish."

"The foal takes after the mare," said Anselmo disagreeably. "Why does the *bombilla* always get choked? Will you never make *maté* properly? No, I will take no more," he added, as his wife submissively tried to clear the *bombilla* by blowing down it. "Go and see what meat there is. Ramon will eat and sleep here to-night, will you not, Ramon? Come with me now and I will show you the cattle. Ah, if only there were some one to buy a few fat bullocks from me; but no buyer ever passes in this cursed neighborhood!" And the two men went out, leaving Mercedes to her household duties.

"You have not sold your roan, then?" said Anselmo, as he passed a critical eye over his friend's horses.

"The Rosillo? no, I would never sell him. I would not part from him for a league of land. The officers at the little fort offered me any money for him; but no,—a good horse is not found every day, and so good a horse as this there is not in the whole *partido*. He brings me money, too; for a race of half a mile—two miles—four miles—there is no horse can touch him. Why, the other day at the Esquina of Santa Paula—" and Ramon, who could be eloquent on one subject, poured forth a most untruthful but energetic account of his horse's triumphs, and the more incredulous Anselmo looked,

the more violent the oaths he used to confirm them.

"Nevertheless, you would have sold him to me the other day," objected Anselmo; "and I believe you would sell him now."

"To you I might," said Ramon, wishing to ingratiate himself with his host. "You understand him. What money you might make with him! But no—I could not sell him."

"As it pleases you," said Anselmo sulkily. "After all, I don't know what use I could make of him." And the two men went on riding in silence, each considering how he might best re-open the subject without appearing too eager.

Dolt as Ramon was, he sometimes had an original idea of his own; and there now occurred to him a really brilliant one. He was willing enough to sell his horse at a good price, but that price he knew by sad experience was hard to get. Anselmo had long been anxious to buy the horse; but Anselmo was not good for any transaction in ready money. He thought over all his friend's possessions with a view to an exchange, and among them he thought of his niece: "Let him give me Juana, and he shall have the horse." After all, there was no doubt about that strain in the horse's shoulder; he came home a little lame after that last race; no one had noticed it, but Ramon felt that the horse's best days were over. Of course no one in their senses would value such a horse and a wife at the same price, but then the horse was not quite sound, and Ramon knew it. He looked at his companion and considered how he should begin.

"*Si, Señor*," he said presently, and then sighed heavily. That is the approved way of beginning a conversation; it is polite, affirmative, and does not compromise one.

"Listen, Anselmo," he began, after another long pause, "I would not sell the horse; but to you—my friend—I might give it. Yes, give it away, but under certain conditions." For then he had another idea more brilliant even than the first—why not have Juana and a dowry as well?

"Conditions!" retorted the other, "a gift with conditions! That is like the cake of Gomez; he gave it to the wedding-feast and ate it all himself."

"No, I am serious," protested Ramon. "Listen, and I will explain to you. You know my mother, she is old and rich. I too will be rich some day," he added complacently, feeling that such a prospect would improve his case. "Well, I want

a wife, and my mother wants some one to live with her. Many a time has she said to me, 'Ramon, marry thyself, and bring me a daughter-in-law to help me; but marry a woman who can bring a dowry, or if she can only bring a small dowry—a few milch cows or a small flock of sheep—let her come from a decent house. There is Anselmo Alvarez, he could give a good dowry with his niece.'” Ramon stole a look at his companion, who stared at him blankly. “That is what my mother says, Anselmo; you know my mother, she is old and very rich. But what I say is this. I would marry Juana gladly with very little—say ten milch cows—and the day that I marry Juana I will make you a present of the horse.”

“It is impossible!” said Anselmo shortly; but he had wavered before he said it, and Ramon mentally added five cows to his price.

It was late and already growing dark by the time that the two men returned to the rancho, but the bargain had been completed. Anselmo was not averse to getting rid of his niece, a loss which only entailed a little more work on his wife's shoulders, and he considered that a connection with the old woman would probably be not unprofitable; but in the matter of the cows he held out gallantly. So that it had been finally agreed that Juana should accompany Ramon the next day to his mother's house, and live with them until the wedding; and that on the day they were married he, Anselmo, should receive the roan horse in exchange for five cows.

The girls were still out, driving in the sheep to shut them in their pens for the night. Juana's clear voice and Carmen's childish treble could be heard shrill above the loud bleating of the flock, that rushed here and there in wild confusion, having no wish to be shut up at an hour when the air was cool and the grass sweet. Ramon set to work to collect his horses and hobbles the mare, making preparations for an early start on the morrow. Inside the house Mercedes tearfully protested against the proposition that Anselmo had brought home with him, passing from indignation to entreaty as she found her husband obdurate. It was monstrous; it was absurd; it was so inconvenient. “She is so useful here. How can I do all the work without her? If I am ill, who is to cook and wash? And Carmen so young too! No, no; let us wait till Carmen is older, and then she may go. She will not wish it. Remember, she is an orphan and

your brother's child. Yes, yes, I know that you have been as good as a father to her—I do not say that you have not. But he is a good-for-nothing, that Ramon. While his mother lives, it is well; but when she dies you will see that he will spend everything; and then his wife will return here with children probably, and without even her clothes.”

“Enough!” shouted Anselmo. “Get that girl ready to go to-morrow. To argue with a woman is to shear a pig. One gets nothing by it but noise. Hold thy tongue, I tell thee,” as his wife raised her voice in fresh entreaty. “The girl goes, would that some one would take thee also!” And Anselmo hastily made his escape as the girls came in, leaving to his wife the task of explaining his wishes.

Supper was late that night at the rancho, and, as Ramon would have said, the company was *algo triste*. Poor Juana sat silent with pale cheeks and red eyes; the flood of tears and vehement anger that had accompanied her first refusal were all over. She knew too well the uselessness of contending with her uncle. For two hours she had struggled against her fate, and now she sat there, sullenly resigned, gulping down an occasional sob, or answering in monosyllables to the clumsy compliments that Ramon tried to pay her. Carmen, who was more demonstrative in her grief, having roared for a whole hour, had finally cried herself to sleep, refusing to eat her supper or in any way be comforted; while among the elders of the party there was a certain air of embarrassment, although in truth it interfered little with their appetite,—but then the stew was really excellent.

Supper over, the two women retired to their room, while the men spread out the many rugs of which their saddles were composed, to serve them as beds on the floor. Ramon lighted a final cigarette and set himself to review his day's work. It was a good idea that, to carry the girl home with him. The old woman would see that he was in earnest. The girl had been crying. Ramon wondered whether she really disliked having to marry him. All girls were like that; they really wanted to be married, and pretended that they did not. Then he remembered the roan horse and sighed. *Qué lastima!* he could hardly bear to lose him—all for a woman, too! There were many women in the world, but there was no horse like that roan. How good that stew was!—did Juana make it? After all, the horse might go lame again; and there were not many

girls like Juana. It would be pleasant to have some one in the house whom he could order about and who would obey him. When he asked the old woman for his dinner she abused him: "Canst thou not wait, idle one? Thou art always more ready to eat than to work." Juana would not say that; she would not dare to. She was pretty—not so pretty as the woman at the wine-shop, but still she was pretty. After all, he must have sold the horse sooner or later; and, as it was, Anselmo had not got it yet. Ramon threw away the end of the cigarette, and a serene content fell on him as he composed himself to sleep. On the whole he was well satisfied.

Unfortunately to every question there are two sides, and Juana viewed the matter in a very different light. Sleepless and miserable she lay still, choking down the convulsive sobs that almost suffocated her. Around her, tight clasped, were the arms of little Carmen, who slept the deep sleep of a tired child—too tired to be disturbed by grief or tormenting thoughts of the coming morrow. That wretched morrow! Juana thought—could she but die and it might never come. The dreary hours, how slow they pass when sorrow has robbed us of sleep! She knew not whether she most longed for or dreaded the morning light. The passion of rage and indignation had died away, giving place to the misery of helplessness and intense self-pity. Now and then wild thoughts of flight or revenge would pass through her mind. She remembered the story of a girl who had hidden a knife in her bodice. Should she do that too? Could she not run away? Pedro was so close—only seven leagues off—and yet so powerless to help her. She tried hard to think of some way to escape, and clenched her hands in despair,—not one—no, not one!

All things come to an end, even a sleepless night. Next morning, by the time that Juana had got up, much later than usual, Ramon Perez had been gone for several hours; he had ridden off to take his horses to his mother's house and prepare her for her coming guest. He was to return that afternoon, and in the mean time Juana was free to array herself in her best dress and pack up her scanty wardrobe in a cotton handkerchief. All the preparations, such as they were, were left to Mercedes. Carmen and Juana sat together in the corner, idly waiting and whispering to each other.

"But how will you run away when you

are there?" asked Carmen. "Supposing they watch you?"

"I don't know, but I will not live with them long. Oh, they will give me an opportunity sooner or later. At any rate, I will never marry him,—never!"

"But if you run away," continued Carmen, "will you run away to Pedro?"

"*Quién sabe!*" said Juana, with a blush, "I will run away somewhere."

"But if you should," persisted Carmen, "will you have me to live with you? It would be so good, and I cannot live without you."

"Of course we will, *hija mia*, thou shalt live with us always."

It is very well to make plans for the future, but neither Carmen nor Juana had the least idea how they were to be carried out; and when Ramon made his appearance late in the afternoon, riding his famous roan and leading another horse for his lady-love, their spirits fell again to zero, and they could hardly bring themselves to say good-bye.

"*Adios, mi tia*," Juana said to Doña Mercedes. "May not Carmen come with me?"

"No, not now," said Mercedes. "She shall go and see thee soon. We shall all come to the wedding," she added with melancholy satisfaction. "Till then, adios, my child, mayst thou go with God!"

"*Adios*, Carmen, my heart," and Juana with difficulty freed herself from the frantic embraces of her little cousin. "Will you take my bundle, Don Ramon? Is that your roan horse?"

"Yes, this is the roan," said Ramon, pleased that she should at last vouchsafe to address him.

"Is he quiet to ride?"

"Quiet? He is as gentle as a girl!" (Alas, poor ignorant Ramon!) "Would you like to ride him? I can change the saddles."

Anselmo had again gone back to the house, or Ramon could not have made the proposition. "He has a beautiful gallop, so smooth, so fast."

"Yes, I would like to ride him," said Juana quietly, a curious look stealing into her face.

In a few minutes the exchange was made, and Juana, who seemed to be trembling, was seated in the saddle. Ramon vaulted quickly on to the other horse.

"Oh, my saddle is all wrong!" she cried. "No, you cannot do it, Carmen, let Don Ramon arrange it; you can hold his horse for him."

Ramon slipped off his horse, and giving

his *rebenque*, a whip made of a flat leather thong, into Juana's hands, began to fumble about the saddle with one hand on the bridle.

"No, it is the other side—the left side!" cried Juana impatiently.

Ramon went round to the other side, keeping his right hand still on the reins. Juana's eyes flashed, and then with all her force she brought down the *rebenque* across his face. Ramon staggered back, both hands to his eyes, with a furious execration. The roan plunging wildly forward started off at full gallop, the reins loose on his neck. Ramon rushed at the other horse, but Carmen had been too quick for him. It had flashed across her mind that there was no other horse tied there except her father's, and that was unsaddled. With the agility of a true child of the camp she had thrown herself on to Ramon's horse before he could stop her, and was galloping wildly after her cousin, with no hope of overtaking her, but exulting in the knowledge that she had considerably delayed the pursuit.

Juana dared not turn her horse to right or left, but galloped straight on, every now and then looking back to see if she were pursued. She saw Carmen already far behind her, but behind Carmen she could see two rapidly increasing black spots, and knew that the chase was well started. If only she could get out of their sight and turn her horse to the left, in the direction of Pedro Romano's home, she might yet escape them. Juana gazed with aching eyes, then gave a cry of joy as she saw straight in front of her the thick rolling smoke of a pampas fire. It looked so close and yet it was so far; at least five miles lay between her and the friendly smoke, and there could be hardly two between her and the enemy. "Ah, good little horse! Good Rosillo!" she called to him again and again, and the roan gallantly sped on, settling down to the long stride that had served him well in many a race. Her horse's speed and her light weight soon began to tell; and by the time that she reached the belt of flame that encircled for many a mile the burnt camp, both her pursuers were far out of sight. Nevertheless, she did not hesitate on that account, but turning her horse's head to a place where the grass was shorter and the flame less fierce, she forced him through the line of fire and thick blinding smoke, and found herself on the burnt and blackened ground beyond. Then, turning round to the left, she galloped swiftly on over the still

smouldering ashes, and was soon lost to sight in the drift of white smoke.

An hour later Anselmo and Ramon, whose horses were exhausted long before they arrived at the fire, gave up the pursuit, and rode homewards as well as their tired steeds could carry them. They rode in silence, save for an occasional ejaculation of a forcible nature intended to express annoyance.

"Ah, fit daughter of the mother that bore thee!" broke out Anselmo at last. "If I could but catch thee!"

"She will founder that horse!" cried Ramon, whose face was not improved by the swollen red mark that stretched across it. "Where can she be going to? You must know, Anselmo; she must be going somewhere. Tell me how I am to recover my horse. May the devil take the girl, but I will not lose a horse like that!"

"What a fool's trick it was of yours to put her on it!" retorted the other, glad to have some one to quarrel with. "How should I know where the girl is gone? If you want your horse go and look for it. *Qué m'importa?* The girl is gone; I will not trouble to fetch her back."

So the two wrangled until they parted company; and by the time that Anselmo had reached his house he had persuaded himself that he was a much-wronged man, whose beloved niece had been stolen through the fault of a blundering fool. Carmen, who had slipped off to bed in fear and trembling, was pleasantly surprised to find that her father's return did not mean a whipping for herself.

The night fell fast and Juana still rode on, her horse's hoofs breaking the black, burnt ground into fiery sparks. Brave little roan! not in vain had he been called *el guapo*—the long-enduring. But now his bolt was shot. Poor Juana, tired and frightened, tried to urge him on to fresh efforts, but without success. Now that the excitement had died out, and she realized that she had lost her way, Juana was thoroughly scared at her situation. She would have cried, but she knew it would be no use; besides, she had cried so much the night before that there were no tears left. "*Maria sanctissima! Maria purissima!*" she murmured. "See to what straits I am come! Ah, *valgame Dios!*" she cried, as her tired horse stumbled heavily and almost threw her. On they plodded slowly until they were clear of the burnt camp, and the rising moon lighted them on their way; but where they were going Juana did not know.



At one end of the land that belonged to the Englishman, there was an *esquina*, a polite name for a wine-store, and here at midnight there were congregated many of the Englishman's *peones*. Inside the shop Doña Tomasa, the fat, good-natured wife of the proprietor, was busy distributing drinks, or exchanging rough-and-ready jests with her customers, until a gifted member of the company tuned his guitar and began to improvise a song, which he had sung them a dozen times before. However, originality in improvisation is the least important thing; and the others gathered round with the same simple delight and wonder that they had always shown on similar occasions. All except Pedro Romano, who sat outside in the clear moonlight listening to the music within, and wondering how he should ever accomplish the great aim of his life. The song went on and on, interspersed with bursts of laughter from the audience. Suddenly Pedro started to his feet; a woman on a horse was standing outside the building; and he went towards her to see what she wanted.

Some ten minutes later the song had just ended, when Pedro entered the room leading Juana by the hand. "Doña Tomasa, here is my sister. Will you take care of her to-night? To-morrow we go home to my father's house."

So Juana found a refuge from her troubles. And the Rosillo, turned loose in the open camp, wandered off on his own account, and is probably now living a life of ease and freedom, if no one has caught him in the interval.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
FLAMINGOES AT HOME.

I DO not know if much has been written on the subject of the breeding of flamingoes, or if their habits have been closely examined; but I have a distinct recollection of a print in a book on natural history read by me many years ago, where the flamingo is depicted straddling on a very high nest with the legs hanging down on either side. I have always thought this to be rather a peculiar way of sitting during incubation, and, finding that flamingoes bred in large numbers in the islands of Inagua, Andros, and Abaco, I determined to satisfy myself by personal observation as to the manner in which these birds sit on their eggs while hatching.

The flamingoes are very shy, and are only found in the remote and rarely visited lagoons. When seen in flocks of some hundreds standing in long lines, they look at a distance like battalions of British troops on parade, their brilliant pink plumage showing up well against the dark-green mangroves with which the lagoons are generally fringed.

In May they begin to repair the old nests, or to raise new ones, which is done by scooping up the surrounding mud with the beak, while they stand on the nest and pat it into shape and proper consistency with the foot. It is no mere treading on the mud, but one foot is used at a time, and the sounding slaps, with which the cones of mud are got into shape, can be heard at a considerable distance.

The nests are always grouped close together, sometimes as many as four hundred being found in a rookery. They stand from three to four feet apart, the area occupied by each nest being about twelve square feet. The birds do not always return to the same breeding-place, and if disturbed much while breeding, or if the very young birds are taken from the nest, they will probably breed next year in some other rookery, many of which are to be found in the least accessible parts of the great stretches of swamps.

Having settled upon their breeding-ground for the year, the old nests are at once taken possession of by the oldest or strongest birds, which proceed to repair them by adding to the top the inch or more washed off by the rains since last tenanted. If the nest is very low, four or five inches may be added, and sticks, shells, or anything else that may be lying about the base, are scooped up and worked in without any apparent arrangement, just as if the soft mud with the *débris* contained in it were lifted with a trowel and placed on the top. There is no preparation made for the new repair of the old nest, and if an addled egg remains, it is simply covered over with the fresh stuff and built into the cone. I measured some scores of nests. The highest was fifteen inches, the lowest eight inches, the latter being the height of the nests in the first year. The nests were about eighteen inches in diameter at the bottom, and nine to eleven inches on the top. The concavity was very slight. In a few cases about half-a-dozen feathers were found on the nest, but in general the eggs were laid on the bare mud. I said eggs, but out of some hundreds of nests examined by me in June, there were not half a dozen which

contained two eggs, one being the usual number. As some of those taken at the time were in an advanced stage of incubation it is probable that at each breeding season but one egg is usually laid.

The nesting season is from the middle to the end of May. The young birds are hatched about the end of June or beginning of July, and about the first week in August are so fully fledged that, while some can fly, almost all are capable of taking care of themselves. It is at this time that the young birds are taken, sometimes by scores. As the nests are in places so difficult of access, and the birds could not be carried without danger of breaking their slender legs, the problem of getting them to the shore for shipment would be difficult to solve were it not that a flock of young birds are easily driven. When they are first approached, those which can fly get up and circle overhead, but in a very short time they pitch with the other young birds now being driven away, and they do not fly again. The entire lot are then driven like a flock of sheep over the flat banks of marl or through the shallow lagoons. In the moulting season the old birds are sometimes thus driven, as they cannot then fly.

I left Nassau on the 3rd of June, and, having called at several places on the way, dropped anchor at Bustick Point on the evening of Monday, the 6th of June. Bustick Point is on the island of Abaco, the eastern side of which is fringed with a line of bays forming an almost uninterrupted belt of land, with a few deep passages through which ships can enter. On two of these bays are built the settlements of Hope Town and Green Turtle Bay, the principal towns of Abaco. Between the bays and the shore of the island the beautifully clear water of the Bahamas is always smooth, and the sailing is delightful, the changing views of island and bays affording constant interest.

We had arranged with two guides to meet us, and at 5 A.M. on the 7th of June we landed. I was accompanied by Lord George Fitzgerald, and Lieutenant Robertson, 2nd West India Regiment. The air was still, but the morning was fresh and bright, and the walk across the island was most enjoyable. The ground was picturesquely rugged, and the path led up and down and around low hills planted with pineapples, of which great heaps of the full, but green, fruit were piled upon the shore ready for shipment, while the golden hue of the fruit with which the trees were still crowned showed that much

of the crop was already too ripe to bear the voyage to a foreign market. All the care of cultivation could not keep down the creepers of all kinds that covered every available stump; white and purple passion-flowers and wild grapevine fringed the path. *Convolvuli* of various hues opened their bell-shaped flowers to the morning sun, while the broad green leaves of the bananas planted here and there were jewelled along the edges with sparkling dewdrops.

Beyond the pine-field we entered a thick wood, completely carpeted with maiden-hair and other ferns, while almost every tree was laden with orchids. Over the crest of the hill the scene changed. The wood ended and the path plunged downwards through bracken so thick and so high that the morning-glory climbed the stem to thrust its bright blue bells into the fresh morning air. One expected to see the deer start from its lair, and nothing was wanting, save the melody from the woods, to fancy one's self in an English park on a summer morning.

Beneath us the broad, lake-like lagoon stretched away to the dim distance. Not a ripple ruffled its surface, and on its calm breast as in a mirror were reflected two rocky islets whose precipitous sides were crowned with a tropical wealth of vegetation, while over them wheeled in graceful circles a pair of "johnny crows" found in the Bahamas on the islands of Abaco, Andros, and Bahama only. Away on the horizon to the west were low clumps of mangroves showing where the flat banks of marl begin, among the lagoons of which the flamingoes build.

Fastened among the great mangrove-trees that here fringe the lake we found a boat belonging to William Albury, one of our guides, and pulled away for the western shore. The lake, or lagoon, is here about five feet deep, the bottom soft, and covered with slimy weed. Albury, who is a keen old sportsman, informed us that the wild pigeon breeds about the lake, and in the season he shoots large numbers of them. If, however, they fall into the water there is an end of them, as the lagoon is infested by numbers of small sharks, which not only snap up the birds, but are particularly bold, so much so that to swim for the pigeons would probably result in a serious bite, if not worse. I confess that I received this information with a certain amount of reserve, my experience being that sharks are very cowardly in these waters, so that even large ones rarely attack men. However, about two hours

later, when we had pulled to the other side, where the waters were so shallow that all hands were obliged to wade, and drag the boat over the sharp rocks, covered with small univalve shellfish, on which the flamingoes feed, I had ocular demonstration of their boldness. We had observed the ripple caused by a shoal of bone-fish, when suddenly a small shark by which they were being chased turned and came straight for the bare black legs of Edgar Archer, our second guide. He flung an oar at it which missed it, but caused it to sheer off. The fish was only about two and a half feet long, but the determination to try the flavor of Archer's legs was unmistakable.

Hauling the boat high and dry, we started for the nests. By this time the sun was very strong, and as the soft marl banks, sparsely clothed with dwarfed mangrove and buttonwood, afforded no shade, the walking was decidedly hot. The banks are penetrated in every direction with the arms of the lagoon, now almost dry, but after south-westerly winds they fill so that a boat will float in them. The nests are always built in these lagoons or on their brink, so that when the water rises the nests are almost awash. Indeed in rough weather the eggs are sometimes washed out of them. The birds can thus feed while sitting.

A walk of about an hour brought us to a small clump of trees, from behind which we carefully reconnoitred, and there, within half a mile, we saw the birds. Very lovely the pink mass looked in the bright sunlight. There were three separate clusters of nests, every one of which was occupied, while the male birds stood around, their heads raised high, as they evidently suspected mischief. As I could not clearly make out with my glasses the position of the legs of the sitting birds, there was nothing for it but a long stalk over the intervening slob, with the blazing sun now almost vertical. The first quarter of a mile was comparatively easy, as we could creep on our hands and knees; but then we came to a point where nothing but vermicular motion could avail us, and for real hard work let me recommend it to those who are content with very active exercise without attaining a high rate of progression. The tropical sun beat down upon us, hatless as we now were, from a cloudless sky; but I suppose that our profuse perspiration saved us from any ill effects, the rapid evaporation counteracting the sun's heat. It may be that I was too anxious about reaching a favor-

able point of observation to think of it, but I cannot say that I even suffered any inconvenience.

At length, having crawled under the roots of the dwarf mangroves that covered the slob like a network of croquet-hoops, we found ourselves at the edge of the marl, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the birds, which were still undisturbed. Here, with my glasses, I could see every feather, note the color of the eyes, and watch every movement. There were, we calculated, between seven hundred and a thousand birds, and a continuous low, goose-like cackling was kept up. Never did I see a more beautiful mass of color. The male birds had now all got together, standing about five feet high, and with necks extended and heads erect were evidently watching events, preserving in the mean time a masterly inactivity. Now and again one would stretch out his great black and scarlet wings, but the general effect was the most exquisite shade of pink, as the feathers of the breast and neck are much lighter than those of the wings.

The hens sat on the nests, and some were sitting down in the muddy lagoon. I watched them carefully for nearly an hour, and looked at every nest to see if the legs were extended along the side. In no case did I see a leg. I saw the birds go on to the nest and sit down. I saw them get up, and step down from the nest. In every instance the legs were folded under the bird in the usual manner. In my opinion my observation settles the point as to the mode of sitting; for even if, as I had been assured, the birds sit both ways, it is improbable that among the hundreds then sitting not one would have extended the legs. Remembering the great length of the flamingo's legs, it is evident that on a new nest, not more than eight inches high, the hen could not thus sit, nor would even the highest nest allow of the legs being extended while the bird sat upon it.

After having watched the birds for the time named, we showed ourselves; but whether they had observed us before, and become somewhat accustomed to our presence, or that when sitting they are more easy to approach than I thought, the only effect was that the hens left the nest, and, joining the male birds, prepared for eventualities, nor did they take wing until we had begun to walk up to the rookery. While we were examining it, the birds flew round us within forty yards, so that we could have shot them easily. Of course we did not do so. To prevent the destruction of flamingoes and pigeons by

their wholesale slaughter during the breeding season, the Bahamas Legislature passed in 1885 a Wild Birds' Protection Act, from which I hope for good results.

Having taken a few eggs as specimens, and lifted carefully on to a board a nest destined for presentation to the Zoological Society, which was carried safely to the ship on the head of Edgar Archer, but unfortunately broken afterwards by a clumsy sailor, we started for the yacht. On our way back across the lagoon we pulled to a high clump of mangroves, in which the frigate-birds build every year. There were some scores of them sitting among the branches, but no nests had yet been built; nor could we discover in the clefts of the small rocky island near the landing-place the nest of the "johnny crow," which breeds there every year.

In due course we wended our way back through the sturdy bracken and the silent woods. The morning-glory had already changed its blue coat for one of deep purple, and the leaves looked thirsting for their nightly draught of dew. We quenched our thirst with the warm juice of the pineapples cut fresh from the trees, and a plunge overboard into the clear, cool water soon removed every trace of fatigue.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

---

From The Spectator.  
ELEPHANTS.

It is possible, and even probable, that persons now living may see the extinction of the elephant as a wild animal. The operation of natural causes has already reduced the many species which once existed on the earth to two, and to these two the demands of human luxury will probably before long prove fatal. It is not, indeed, the vanity of man—or, rather, woman—deadly to so many of the fairest things in creation, that threatens the existence of the elephant, but a more solid, and perhaps more reasonable cause. The things which he perishes to furnish would be called objects of utility rather than of ornament. It is our table-knives, so rapidly worn out in handle as well as blade, that destroy him. One firm of English cutlers, we believe, takes nearly three-fourths of the African supply; and it is from Africa, where both the male and female animal are heavily tusked, that most of our ivory comes. It has been calculated that at least a hundred thou-

sand elephants are annually sacrificed for their tusks. Year by year the wild animal is driven into narrower limits by the incessant pursuit of the hunter, and the day cannot be very distant when he will perish altogether. Possibly the tuskless animal of Ceylon, which offers no such temptation, and which it would be easy to protect—if it is not already protected—against the sportsman, will continue to prolong the race; but the extent of Ceylon is comparatively small, and its elephant herds are already largely drawn upon to keep up the supply of the domesticated animal. For though the elephant sometimes breeds in captivity, this occurrence is so rare that it cannot be relied upon for preserving the stock. Consequently, the extinction of the wild animal implies that within no long period of time the species will altogether cease to exist.

When this shall happen, the world will have lost what may fairly be reckoned—when its dignity and majestic strength are considered, as well as its sagacity and moral development—the noblest animal after man. We speak *pace* the admirers of the dog; but the dog, as obviously the satellite of man, is wanting in the essential quality of dignity. What dog, too, could have stirred a whole nation as Jumbo did in his life and death? The demonstrations of the sentiment were often extravagantly absurd; but the animal which made them possible must be allowed to stand very high in the scale of creation.

The ancients, who are sparing in their praises of the dog (by far the larger part of the world has always abhorred him as the very type of uncleanness), could not speak too highly of the elephant. The elder Pliny, who was a diligent collector of anecdotes rather than an observer, surpasses himself when he treats of this animal. He places him as unquestionably next to man. Intelligence, obedience, memory, ambition, affection, honesty, prudence, and justice are among the catalogue of virtues which he ascribes to these creatures. He even declares that they are religious, worshipping the stars, the sun, and the moon, an assertion in which he is followed by Plutarch and Ælian. The stories which he tells of their sagacity, and aptitude for acquiring accomplishments, are marvellous. That they should go through the motions of a dance or a gladiatorial combat, is credible. Busbecq tells us of one which he himself saw in Turkey that danced and played at ball. But our faith is taxed when we read of

four elephants walking on tight-ropes carrying another in a litter. Yet the testimony of the ancients as to this particular accomplishment is very strong. Possibly the funambulism of elephants is one of the lost arts of antiquity. Writing also is an accomplishment which, we fear, the animal no longer acquires. Mucianus, the friend of Vespasian, knew of an animal which could write a Greek hexameter, not, however, out of its own head; and we have a pathetic story of one which, having been beaten for being somewhat backward in its reading—for the elephants own the human trait of having dunces among them—was found diligently conning its task by night. It was, however, in a sterner character than that of dancer or scholar that antiquity best knew the elephant. He was a most formidable implement of war. The Carthaginians were the first so to utilize him in European warfare, and it is a remarkable fact that they, and they only, have been able to educate the African species of the race for human uses. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the military utility of the animal compensated for the enormous expense and trouble which he must have caused. If Hannibal had not lost all his elephants but one almost before he began his campaigns, he would certainly have found it impossible to feed them. Their use, indeed, in Western warfare has not been frequent. One of the latest occasions of their employment seems to have been by the emperor Claudius, when he invaded Britain in the third year of his reign. They are still found, but for show rather than use, in the military establishments of the East. But it is clear that they could not exist in the face of arms of precision.

The practical utility of the elephant for peaceful purposes is great. Alone among animals, he may to a certain extent be trusted to labor by himself and without supervision, while his capacity as a beast of burden is such as to counterbalance the great expense of his keep. But it is his mental and moral development that, for our present purpose of writing, most interests us; and here, if the modern accounts can scarcely rival the old, they are still sufficiently surprising. Mr. Andrew Wilson, in his admirable "Studies of Life and Sense,"\* tells us some very curious things indeed. The highly developed sagacity of the animal may, he remarks, be partly due to the long life, and conse-

quently varied experience, of the individual animal; but, on the other hand, there is the adverse influence of the fact that there can be little or no heredity in its acquirements. The dog has the inheritance of many generations. The elephant learns everything for himself, and should be as much at a disadvantage as a New Guinea negro, matched with the descendant of a line of cultivated Europeans or Americans. Under these circumstances, every anecdote of his sagacity acquires a multiplied significance. The story which Mr. Wilson tells of Lizzie, an elephant belonging to Wombwell's menagerie, is very striking. In 1874, the menagerie visited Tenbury, and Lizzie, who had drunk a quantity of cold water when heated by walking (just as a "human" might have done), was attacked by spasms, and treated by Mr. Turley, a local chemist. He applied a large blister to the side, and relieved the pain. Five years afterwards, the menagerie came round again, and Lizzie recognized her medical adviser as he stood in the shop door, stepped out of the ranks, and greeted him by placing her trunk round his hand. She even drew his attention to the side where the blister had been applied. Two years afterwards the menagerie came again. This time Lizzie lifted her friend in a very gentle manner from the ground. She had, it seemed, been led to form a still higher opinion of his merits as a doctor, and even generally to prefer physic to surgery. A veterinary surgeon had been called in to prescribe for another ailment, and had used the lancet. Accordingly she drew Mr. Turley's attention to the limb which had been lanced, and did her best to show how much she preferred his milder treatment.

Such stories, sometimes, it must be owned, testifying to a feeling of revenge not less enduring than was Lizzie's gratitude, might be multiplied indefinitely. They suggest a question which, standing as it does quite apart from the physiological arguments for evolution, may be worth considering. If social order, morality, memory, prudence, readiness of resource (a remarkable characteristic of the elephant), are evolved out of protoplasm, and find their full development in man, how is it that each of these faculties, taken separately, seems to have had another distinct line of its own which has not ended in man? If monkeys are next to man in the order of living things, as they are certainly likeliest to him in shape, should we not expect to find them living in communities, individual members of which should

\* Studies of Life and Sense. By Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E. London: Chatto and Windus. 1887.



possess the various mental and moral qualities in a degree which should approximate to what is to be seen in man? We see nothing of the kind. The bee and the ant have their elaborately organized commonwealths; the dog has fidelity and, perhaps we may say, conscience; the ele-

phant, memory and gratitude; and other creatures various qualities, mental and moral, in varying degrees. But the combination of these things, especially that combination of social and individual faculties which would seriously impugn man's distinctive superiority, is not to be seen.

**PARAGUAYAN TEA.**—It is to the Jesuits that we owe the introduction of the use of the Paraguayan herb. They exported it so early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, and hence it is frequently called Jesuit's tea:—

In the reign of Queen Anne the London physicians forbade Jesuit's tea as productive of barrenness in men and women, but possibly they were jealous of its origin, although they certainly encouraged the use of Jesuit's bark. (Mulhall's Hand Book of the River Plate.)

The herb *yerba* is cultivated in Paraguay and the neighboring districts, the yerba of the first-named state being considered preferable to that of any other. On being gathered it is scorched and suspended in sheds exposed to a slow wood fire. On the following day the twigs are ground, and it is ready. It is sewn up in raw or untanned hide (hair on the outside), and this hide, being wetted at the time it is used, dries and contracts, rendering the bundle *tercio* or *sobernal*, as it is termed, compact. These bundles weigh from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. Brazil exports thirty thousand and Paraguay five thousand tons annually.

The gourd from which this tea is imbibed is called the *máte*, and hence the name applied to the drink itself. This gourd is cultivated in all parts of the country. I noticed that my gardener had placed nearly two hundred to dry in the sun the other day. This gourd is, as a rule, about the size of an orange, circular in shape, a little flat at its sides, and some three inches of the stem is usually left on. It is brought into the kitchen in the winter, and dries completely in the smoke there. The seeds are then cut out and it is ready for use.

Owing to the fineness of the yerba, the liquid is imbibed by means of a *bombilla*, a long stem with a perforated bulb, generally made of white metal, though not unfrequently of silver, or even gold. This stem is well embedded in the yerba, warm water is poured over it, and the tea is thus drunk. Men drink it bitter. Women add sugar, and sometimes milk. I have never seen lemon-juice used, and I may add that I have been a constant drinker of *máte* for the past five years.

In the house of the *gaucho*, or native workman of this country, there are certain customs with regard to the use of yerba that are worthy

of note. Where five or six are gathered round the fire in the centre of the smoke-begrimed kitchen, the *máte* is handed round the circle in rotation, served always by the same person. The technical word used is *sevar máte* (*cebar*, lit., to bait, to grease, applied in the sense of doughing together the paste formed by the yerba and water and accommodating the *bombilla*). It is the worst possible etiquette to wipe the mouthpiece of the *bombilla* when handed to you, or to return the *máte* only half emptied. As the taste is exceedingly bitter when the yerba is newly placed in the gourd, it is a saying that "the fool of the company" drinks the first *máte*. "Siempre me toca á mi tomar el primer *máte*" (lit., "I have always to drink the first *máte*,") i.e., "I am an unlucky fellow." As a beer king in Germany is by his stiff drinking a brave fellow, so is a hearty drinker of *máte* honored by his fellows in this country. Not many days ago a woman, complaining to me of the poor health of her brother, remarked, "En otros años solia tomar tres cebadas\* antes de ladrar el cimarron,† y ya ni ganas tiene!" ("In former years he would drink three replenishings of the gourd before the morning dog bayed, and now he seems to have no desire to drink at all.") We also have the proverb, "Calientar agua para que tome otro el *máte*" ("Heat water that another may drink *máte*,") i.e., "Sow that others may reap."

It is a most sustaining beverage, and if one drink seven or eight *mátes* before sunrise he is better able to resist a day's work and fatigue than had he drunk any quantity of coffee or tea. But it is an acquired taste, and anything but agreeable. The probable reason that it is generally drunk by the people in this country is that they cannot afford anything better, and that its slow process of circulation and imbibing suits their indolent nature.

H. GIBSON.

La Tomasa, Cachari, F.C.S., Buenos Ayres.

Notes and Queries.

\* From *cebar* (Arg. *sevar*), to grease, to bait, ultimately to prepare *máte* (tech.). A *cebada* will last out some eight to twelve replenishings of the gourd with water.

† *Cimarron*, a semi-wild dog, yellow in color, almost extinct now.

# BOOKS FOR BANKERS.

---

## THE LAW RELATING TO BANKS AND THEIR DEPOSITORS AND BANK COLLECTIONS.

By ALBERT S. BOLLES,

*Professor of Mercantile Law and Practice in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania.*

Price, post-paid, in cloth, \$4.50: full law sheep, \$5.00.

---

## PRACTICAL BANKING.

Fourth Edition.

A handsome book of 316 pages, filled with exhaustive information on the subject of Banking. A practical work in every sense. Invaluable to bank officers and employes, commercial teachers, and all persons who have dealings with banks and bankers.

By ALBERT S. BOLLES,

Bound in cloth, price, post-paid, \$3.00.

---

## THE BANKER'S MAGAZINE.

*Established 1846.*

Professor A. S. BOLLES, Editor.

Monthly, \$5.00 per year.

Single Copies, 50 cents.

---

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

## THE BANKER'S ALMANAC AND REGISTER, AND LEGAL DIRECTORY.

Containing the only full and reliable list of Banks and Bankers in the United States and Canada.

JANUARY AND JULY.

Per Annum, \$7.00.

Single Copies, \$4.00.

---

## FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

By ALBERT S. BOLLES.

Volume III. (1861-1885). 585 pages, 8vo. Price, \$3.50.

This volume is a complete history of the finances and cost of the Civil War, the resumption of specie payments, the legal-tender notes, coinage, internal revenue, national banking, taxation of imports, government accounting, appropriations, expenditures, etc.

The two prior volumes, Vol. I. (1774-1789), 371 pages, price, \$2.50; Vol. II. (1789-1860), 621 pages, price, \$3.50.

The Set, 3 vols., DELIVERED by Express or Mail, \$9.50.

---

## HOMANS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

No. 251 Broadway, New York.

# The Canadian Law Times.

*A Monthly and occasionally Semi-Monthly Periodical devoted to Articles of general interest to the legal profession in Canada.*

---

THE ONLY PUBLICATION giving notes of cases prepared by the official reporters in all of the following courts: The Supreme Court of Canada, The Courts of Ontario, The Courts of New Brunswick, The Courts of Nova Scotia, The Courts of Prince Edward Island, The Courts of Manitoba, The Courts of British Columbia. Supplying the legal profession with a summary of cases long in advance of the regular reports.

LAWYERS IN THE UNITED STATES who wish to acquaint themselves with the Decisions and Jurisprudence of Canadian Courts, will find the *Canadian Law Times* an authentic and inexpensive library of Canadian decisions.

THE CANADIAN LAW TIMES, under the able editorship of Mr E. Douglas Armour, has become in Canada the foremost journal of Jurisprudence, and enjoys a wide circulation.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1888, it enters upon its eighth year of publication. The seven volumes already completed make from 700 to 800 pages each, teeming with cases and original articles on important subjects noted with the latest decisions of the English, American, and Canadian Courts, from the pens of the best Canadian lawyers, whose articles have been copied by some of the leading legal periodicals of Great Britain and the United States.

THE CANADIAN LAW TIMES ARTICLES are all original and paid contributions, excepting only one copied article in the seven volumes.

THE INDEX-DIGEST, issued with the last number of each year, is a complete digest of the principal decisions in the whole of Canada for the previous twelve months.

---

*The annual subscription is \$5.00, payable in advance; or,  
with Littell's Living Age, \$12.00.*

---

The first seven volumes of the **CANADIAN LAW TIMES** can be had bound in half calf for \$35.00.

---

## CARSWELL & COMPANY,

Law Publishers, etc.,

26 and 28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA.

# Important to Lawyers!

## A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

### *The New York Court of Appeals Reports*

COMPLETE FOR \$1.00 PER ORIGINAL VOLUME.

At present the above-named Reports are under the control of three separate publishers, and complete sets, 105 volumes, cannot be obtained without much annoyance and delay, and at a cost of about \$200.

The undersigned announce that they have now ready the first three books, and will soon issue the fourth (making twenty volumes of the original Reports), of a new and complete edition of these, the most important judicial opinions in this country, with the possible exception of those of the Federal Supreme Court.

This will be accomplished by issuing them five original volumes in one book of about 1,000 pages. Each book will be printed in double columns, from new plates, on excellent paper, for \$5.00 (or \$1.00 per original volume of the official edition), thus placing them within the reach of all.

Every opinion will be reported in full, and memoranda cases will also be included. The synopsis of argument of counsel will be omitted, thus making room for concise and ample references, rather than extended annotations.

In important and leading cases, references to decisions of other States in which the principal case has been cited will be given.

In the volumes of Comstock and Selden the excellent original head-notes will be retained. In the succeeding volumes the head-notes and statements will be re-written, and, as we believe, much improved.

We propose to make this the best and most convenient as well as the cheapest edition, and to this end no pains or expense has been spared.

This work has been demanded for many years, and the publishers have no hesitation in saying that it will prove the favorite edition. It is their design to keep up with the official series in the future on the same general plan.

The younger members of the profession, particularly, will find that this edition will meet their requirements better than any other, and by a subscription therefor they will obtain the reports which of all they should have on their library shelves, and we confidently expect that many of those who already have the original reports will, on examination of our reprint, discover its merits and find that it will amply repay them to obtain this new edition.

The work will be progressed as fast as consistent with good workmanship—about four books a year.

We would be pleased to have you become a subscriber for this series of New York Court of Appeals Reports. All books will be promptly forwarded on completion.

The three Books now ready will be forwarded on receipt of price, \$5.00 per Book. All Books will be delivered free to any part of the United States. Payable in advance.

Address

WEED, PARSONS, & CO., Publishers,

39 & 41 Columbia Street, ALBANY, N.Y.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1888

*The following is a partial list of the important features which have been already prepared to appear during the coming year:*

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON** will contribute to every number during the year. He will write upon many topics, old and new, in a familiar and personal way which will form new bonds of friendship between the author and his thousands of readers. In his first paper, entitled "**A CHAPTER ON DREAMS**," he tells, incidentally, some interesting facts concerning the origin of his story, "**Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**." This appeared in the January number.

**RAILWAYS**, their administrations and construction, including great engineering feats, famous tunnels and passes, and, indeed, those branches of the subject which in this day engage the attention of the whole country. **Prof. W. S. CHAPLAIN** will contribute the first of this especially important and interesting series of papers. The illustrations which will accompany this series will be very elaborate, original, and beautiful. The authors and the titles of the future articles will be announced later.

**THE FICTION** of the year will be notably strong, not only in the work of well-known writers but in that of new authors. A serial novel, entitled "**First Harvests**," by **F. J. STIMSON**, was begun in January. Novelettes by **HENRY JAMES** and **H. C. BUNNER**, the latter illustrated, will appear early in the year. There will also be many short stories of notable strength and freshness, several of them illustrated.

**MENDELSSOHN LETTERS.** Some hitherto unpublished letters of the great musician's, of special interest, written to Moschles, his friend and master, will furnish the substance of two or three articles. They will be illustrated with many portraits, drawings by Mendelssohn himself, and other original and unique material.

**ELECTRICITY** in its various applications as a motive power, **EXPLOSIVES**, etc. will be the subjects of a group of illustrated articles of great practical and popular interest, by leading authorities upon these topics.

**ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES** of special importance will be those on the Campaign of Waterloo, by **JOHN C. ROPES**; on "**The Man at Arms**," by **E. H. BLASHFIELD**; two papers by **EDWARD L. WILSON**, illustrating results of recent Egyptian research; a further article by **WILLIAM F. APTHORP**, on a subject connected with his recent contribution on Wagner; **Dr. SARGENT'S** papers on physical development will be continued, also **Prof. SHALER'S** articles on the surface of the earth, both being admirably illustrated.

**SHORT ESSAYS** will be, as during the past year, an especially noticeable and individual feature. They will include papers by **AUGUSTINE BIRRELL**, author of "**Obiter Dicta**;" some further articles by **W. C. BROWNELL**; articles by Professor **WILLIAM JAMES**, **AUSTIN DOBSON**, Gen. **A. W. GREELY**, Professor **JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY**, Mrs. **JAMES T. FIELDS**, **EDWARD KING**, **C. A. YOUNG**, and many others.

**POEMS** in early numbers by **THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH**, **ANDREW LANG**, **CHARLES EDWARD MARKHAM**, and others, give a good augury for the next year's verse; and in several cases well-known artists — notably **ELIHU VEDDER**, **WILLIAM HOLE**, and **WILL H. LOW** — have accompanied poems by striking and imaginative drawings.

**ILLUSTRATIONS.** The Magazine will show increased excellence in its illustrations. They will be more abundant and elaborate than ever. It is the intention of the publishers to represent the *best work of the leading artists*, and to promote and foster the most skillful methods of wood-engraving. The Magazine, on its artistic side, will exhibit what is finest, most sincere, and original.

**SUBSCRIBE NOW,**  
Beginning with the Christmas Number.

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,**  
PUBLISHERS. NEW YORK.

**TERMS:** { \$3.00 a Year.  
25c. a Number.

**SPECIAL NOTICE** To enable new readers to possess the Magazine from the first number (January, 1887), the following inducements are offered:

A year's subscription and the numbers for 1887 . . . . . \$4.50  
A year's subscription and the numbers for 1887, bound in two volumes, cloth, gilt top . . . . . 6.00  
A year's subscription, consisting of twelve monthly numbers, gives more than 1500 pages of the best, most interesting, and valuable literature. More than 700 illustrations from designs by famous artists, reproduced by the best methods.







# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

FOR



1888.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY, established twenty years ago, has grown with the growth of California and the Pacific Coast. It has long been recognized as the only successful literary magazine published west of the Alleghanies. The leading feature of the coming year will be illustrated descriptive articles. Northern, Central, and Southern California, Oregon, Puget Sound, Alaska, Arizona, and the Rocky Mountain region will receive especial attention.

It is not too much to say that without the OVERLAND MONTHLY it is impossible to keep informed upon the resources and growth of the Pacific Coast. Without lowering its high literary standard the magazine has become essential to the home-seeker and the investor, because it deals in a practical way with the development of the West.

To lovers of literature the OVERLAND offers each month the best literary product of a group of new and brilliant writers. Its stories of Western adventure and mountaineering, Indian studies and Pioneer sketches have become famous. Its short stories cover the entire range of Western life, from mining-camp days to the living present, and have been one of the strongest features of the magazine. Its literary reviews, editorials, and poems rank with the best of corresponding Eastern work.

---

Advertisers who wish to reach the best class of readers west of the Mississippi, should use the pages of the OVERLAND MONTHLY: Eastern agent, J. Walter Thompson, 39 Park Row, New York.

**\$4.00 PER YEAR,**

*One Sample Copy Twenty-five Cents.*

**The Overland Monthly Publishing Company,**

**415 MONTGOMERY ST.**

**SAN FRANCISCO.**

It makes one dissatisfied with his home to read it. — *Newton (Mass.) Graphic.*

A bright and interesting reflection of literary life and thought on the Pacific Coast. — *Christian Union.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



**I**N 1888 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-fifth year, having met with constant commendation and success.

**A WEEKLY MAGAZINE**, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than **Three and a Quarter Thousand** double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

## The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature, the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

## OPINIONS.

"We have thought that it was impossible to improve upon this grand publication, yet it does seem to grow better each year. . . We regard it as the most marvelous publication of the time. . . Nowhere else can be found such a comprehensive and perfect view of the best literature and thought of our times. . . It is unapproachable by any other publication of its kind, and is in itself a complete library of current literature, while all the leading topics of the day are touched and discussed by the best pens of the age. . . No inducement could prevail upon those who have once become familiar with it to do without its regular visits."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"By reading it one can keep abreast of the current thought upon all literary and public matters. It maintains its leading position in spite of the multitude of aspirants for public favor. . . A grand repository of the literature of the age."—*New-York Observer.*

"Such a publication exhausts our superlatives. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. . . It contains nearly all the good literature of the time."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"The more valuable to a man the longer he takes it. He comes to feel that he cannot live without it."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"To have THE LIVING AGE is to hold the keys of the entire world of thought, of scientific investigation, psychological research, critical note, of poetry and romance."—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

"Fiction, biography, science, criticism, history, poetry, art, and, in the broader sense, politics, enter into its scope, and are represented in its pages. . . Nearly the whole world of authors and writers appear in it in their best moods. . . The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal.*

"The American reader who wishes to keep the run of English periodical literature can do so in no other way so thoroughly and cheaply as by taking THE LIVING AGE."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Through its pages alone it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Foremost of the eclectic periodicals."—*New-York World.*

"There has been a vast development of literature in cheap and convenient forms of late; but so far as we know none has arisen which can take the place of THE LIVING AGE. All branches of literary activity are represented in it. . . In reading its closely printed pages one is brought in contact with the men who are making opinion the world over. . . Always new, always attractive, always exhibiting editorial wisdom, it is as essential as ever to every one desirous of keeping up with the current of English literature."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"It stands unrivalled, collecting the best thought of the day, and spreading it before its readers with a wonderful power of selection. . . The ablest essays and reviews of the day are to be found here."—*The Presbyterian, Philadelphia.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."—*Albany Argus.*

"For a great deal of good literature for a little money THE LIVING AGE leads the periodicals. . . It occupies a place of eminence from which no rival can crowd it."—*Troy Times.*

"It saves much labor for busy people who have no time to go over the various reviews and magazines, but who still wish to keep themselves well informed upon the questions of the day."—*The Advance, Chicago.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"At its publication price it is the cheapest reading one can procure."—*Boston Globe.*

"It has been our literary companion for many years, and it furnishes us with a literary pabulum—historical, scientific, philosophical, philological, and critical—found nowhere else in the wide domain of literature."—*Christian Leader, Cincinnati.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburg.*

"It is unequalled."—*North Carolina Presbyterian, Wilmington.*

"It is absolutely without a rival."—*Montreal Gazette.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

## CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

("Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*)

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the *St. Nicholas* or *Scribner's Magazine*, postpaid.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

